

M O R A L

F A B L E S. 4

By John Hedman M. D.

Ridiculum acri.

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M O R A D

P R E F A C E

THE first object of this work is to show the
importance of the study of the history of the
economy of the country, and the influence of
the various causes which have produced the
present state of the country, and the
probability of the future state of the country.
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P R E F A C E.

THERE is hardly any moral duty to which man is bound, whether by nature, or by the œconomy of his respective society, which hath not, at one time or other, been recommended under the dress of a Fable. The number of such allegorical Tales, therefore, must be considerable, though it should not exceed that of the virtues implied, and their opposite vices. Some Fabulists, however, have thought it necessary to compose their fables different from those of others, though meant to convey the same moral truths : hence former ages, as well as the present, have furnished a great variety of fables, many of which, though distinct from one another, are found to contain the same apologue. Were we, in adopting the fables of others, under

the necessity of relating them invariably in the same words, new compositions would become indispensable, in order to avoid a servility so irksome. But as the construction of the same fable may be greatly diversified, the Fabulist is thus enabled to frame it to his taste, and so makes the fable his own by his own manner of telling it, as *Horace* hath observed *. Since, therefore, antiquity hath handed down to us many fables of the simplest kind, and most apposite to the purposes intended, it seems unnecessary to set the invention at work for new fables; in composing which an Author, that he may avoid a similarity with the fables of others, is apt to render his own more complicated than is consistent with that simplicity, which chiefly constitutes the elegance of this kind of composition.

No

* Attempt with caution Fables which
 No Author yet hath dar'd to touch.
 From *Homer* 'tis more safe to bring
 A theme, than one unknown to sing.
 A subject you may make your own,
 Tho' sung by others and well known, &c. *De Art. Poet.*

No Fabulist hath succeeded better than *Æsop*, whether in adapting his fables to the moral implied, or in that plain and unaffected simplicity, termed by the French *naïveté*, which ought always to obtain in fables of this nature. Hence all ages have furnished various editions of these fables, either in prose or in verse: and we are told that *Socrates*, not long before his death, amused himself in turning *Æsop's* fables into verse. But in what esteem they were among the ancients, even in the most refined periods of *Greece* and *Rome*, appears from many passages in Authors of those ages.

TRUE genius, when it shews itself among the lowest ranks of mankind, merits esteem no less than when it is found in superior stations. *Æsop* was possessed of considerable strength of judgment, as well as of a fruitful and regular imagination. It is to be regretted that all the information we have of him is a few gleanings from ancient historians. His life, composed by *Planudes*, is chequered with fictions, and these of the most puerile kind.

A composition so mean was unworthy of a place before *la Fontaine's* fables. That *Planudes* was unequal to the task of biography, appears from his inattention to, or ignorance of the chronology of those times. He makes *Æsop* quote *Euripides*, though this author did not flourish till near a century later than *Æsop*. There is another life of *Æsop* written by *Meziriæc*, which, though not wholly without faults, is much superior to that of *Planudes*. But this small volume is hardly to be found.

IT is uncertain whether any fable, now extant, be in the same words in which *Æsop* left it. Many fables too have been published as *Æsop's*, which are none of his. In one of these the *Piræum* of *Athens* is mentioned, though that port, having had another name before, was built by *Themistocles*, who lived later than *Æsop*.

SOME would make the *Lockman* of the East the same person with *Æsop*: and the *Persians* insist to this day that the *Greeks*, by giving
Lockman,

Lockman, whom they hold to have been their countryman, a Greek name, had made him their own. But this assertion is unattended with probability. *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, and others about that period, mention several circumstances of *Æsop's* life; and in their times were extant Greek histories, some of which had been compiled not long after *Æsop's* own time. These ancient Greek historians, we may well believe, could not fail to have many circumstances of *Æsop's* life sufficiently ascertained. Besides, though *Æsop* was originally obscure, he came afterwards to be more distinguished, being known to men of high rank, as to *Cræsus*, *Periander*, *Solon*, and other philosophers. Of these two Fabulists, it is probable, some of the fables of the one had been mixed with those of the other, which might have given rise to the preceding opinion. From some anecdotes of *Æsop's* life interspersed in the fables of *Phædrus*, it appears that *Æsop's* history was well known in the Augustan age. *Phædrus* hath mixed several fables with those of

of *Æsop*; and *Babrius* *, we are told, had done the same. But this hath been common with Fabulists at different periods, giving their fables the general denomination of *Æsopic*.

THE terms *Fable* and *Allegory* are frequently used indiscriminately, and perhaps cannot admit of definitions wholly distinct from one another. To allegorize truth under a fable, is not held an improper expression: and yet *Fable*, in the simplest sense, and as *Æsop* understood it, that is, excluding the fables of the

* *Babrius* or *Babrius* was a Greek Fabulist. It is uncertain when he flourished; he appears to have lived before the Augustan age. He is frequently mentioned by *Suidas*, who tells us that *Babrius* turned *Æsop's* fables into scazons, or choliambics; that is, into verses differing from iambics in this, that they have an iambic foot in the fifth place, and a spondee in the sixth or last. In a Latin dissertation, lately published, we have an account of some fragments of *Babrius*, which are sufficient to make every lover of literature regret the loss of this ancient Author's compositions. The anonymous Author of this dissertation, who seems to be an accurate, judicious and ingenious critic, informs us further, that there is in the Bodleian Library a copy of *Æsop*, containing several fables which have never been printed.

the Epic, of the Drama, of Romance and Novel, may be considered as distinct from Allegory. This would be found to be the case, were we to have recourse to painting as a criterion. In that piece of *Holben* called *Death's dance*, we see Emperors, Beggars, and others of intermediate stations led up promiscuously, and without regard to rank. In this painting, the allegory is obvious. But were we to see a landscape containing, among other objects, an Ass and a Dog, a Frog and a Mouse, an Oak and a Reed, or other subjects of *Æsopic* fables; we could not know what fable the Painter intended, or whether he meant any fable at all: much less would we be enabled to form any conjecture relating to a moral sense.

WITH respect to allegorical painting, it must be owned, that even the masters of the great schools have seldom been successful in this branch. The intention of the artist is, in a great measure, frustrated, when a key or an interpreter is necessary to decypher his meaning.

meaning. Painting as well as Poetry, being free from obscurity, ought to strike immediately: for as the mind, in the pleasure which it reaps from these arts, is, or ought to be wholly passive; if its exertion, to discover what is meant in them, become necessary; their powers on the mind will be weakened in proportion as that exertion, or the necessity for it, is greater. We meet, however, with some pieces so happily imagined, that one, moderately acquainted with composition and design, will immediately discover the allegory. Among these may be reckoned the *Loves of Albano*.

FURTHER, if the general meaning of Allegory be truth conveyed under the disguise of fiction, and particularly if moral conduct be thus recommended, then will the fables of *Æsop* have a claim to the denomination of Allegories, preferable even to the fables of the Epic and of the Drama. For though these last be termed Fables, they frequently consist of historical truths. So we suppose the fable
of

of the *Iliad*, and know that of the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan* to be literally true; the machinery, the incidents, and the episodes of these two poems, being either wholly or in part the invention of the Poets.

THE esteem, in which fable hath been ever since its first introduction into the world as a method of conveying instruction, is sufficient to supersede recommendatory observations here. It may suffice to say, that no mode of moralizing is better suited to all the periods of life. Fable, more than any other composition, attracts our attention when children, takes hold of our imagination, and is, for the most part, retained in the memory for life. Moral maxims, thus recommended, will be more lasting, and will make deeper impressions on young minds, than if the same morals had been delivered at greater length with a didactic formality, or digested into regular systems; many of which are known to possess much merit, but are better suited to the riper periods of life. In fables, while Vice is hung
out

out to ridicule, or Virtue exhibited under a simple, comic and sometimes rustic dress; both may be treated seriously and with becoming dignity in the moral deductions. Accordingly *Horace* hath introduced some of these fables into his Satires, with no less judgment than he hath versified them with his usual elegance and boldness.

It remains now, that the Author acknowledge his obligation to Mr *Dryden's* translations, in a few passages taken from the Roman Poets. These were full in his memory. He hath endeavoured, however, perhaps to his disadvantage, to avoid copying these verses servilely. It is hardly necessary to add, that the Notes and Observations, subjoined to these Fables, and referred to by numerical Figures, are not intended for the learned. Occasional examples from, and references to the Greek and Roman Authors, render explanatory observations necessary for the behoof of such readers as are but moderately acquainted with ancient History.

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F A B L E I.

The Ass and the Dog.

AN Ass, beneath an heavy load,
From market trudg'd along the road.
Fatigu'd she for a moment stopp'd,
And thistles by the way-side cropp'd.
Her travelling friend the Dog, surpris'd,
To change her aukward taste advis'd.
" Eat thistles, while you bear a pack
" Of meats delicious on your back !
" To learn good eating go to school ;
" I always took you for a fool.

C

My

My taste, as good, replies the Ass,
Even with Philosophers will pass.
You judge, as wiser dogs have done,
Of other palates by your own.
From exercise, from eating plain,
From water pure, from grass and grain,
Remark what vigour I acquire,
And nature's pow'rs in me admire.
Forego luxurious flesh and fish,
Learn temp'rance from this simple dish;
Which suits the plainness of my taste
More than the richest Mayor's feast.

LIFE to preserve and cherish, we
An universal fitness see.
So Nature hath to ev'ry kind
Of animal its food assign'd;
To fish and sea-fowl fish affords;
To cattle herbage; grain to birds;
To ev'ry flesh-devouring creature
Its carrion is supplied by nature.

Each,

Each, by its mind or instinct led,
With proper aliment is fed.
It different with the human race,
Tho' boasting powers of reason, is ;
Since on what mankind ought to feed,
Is not, for all that's said, agreed :
On animals, on plants, or whether
We ought to feed on both together,
For ages tho' contested, still
Lies in the dark, and ever will.
Such is the force, such the relation
Of custom, manners, education
With nature, that they oft delude
The mind in seeking natural food :
Nor can it, tho' with art it pry,
Discover where the limits lie.
While in these doubts we must abide,
Thus far we boldly may decide ;
Since man must animals devour,
And hath them so much in his pow'r,
He ought to give, when they are slain,
The least excruciating pain.

This argument, not here for fashion,
 The offspring of sincere compassion,
 Would more convincing prove, were we
 The butcher's scenes of blood to see ;
 Scenes marking how far custom can
 Of feelings rob the mind of man.

1. SEE those whose constitutions are
 Preserv'd by plain and wholesome fare ;
 Who, tir'd of bus'ness, noise and strife,
 Find quiet in a monastic life :
 Whose table fruits of ev'ry kind
 Presents, with milks delicious join'd.
 There no ragouts, no turtle green,
 No high provocatives are seen.
 In youthful vigour thus these men
 Triumph at three score years and ten :
 Thus with corporeal pow'rs combin'd
 Are harmoniz'd those of the mind.
2. *Crotona's* sons this heard of old,
 When them the divine Samian told,

For

For food no vital parts to rend,
But on earth's off'rings to depend.
From blood, he cried, my friends abstain,
Nor taint your lips with food profane,
While corns by nature are bestow'd,
While bending trees present their load;
From grapes while wines nectarious flow;
In gardens plants nutritious grow;
While milk distended udders pour;
While bees suck balm from ev'ry flow'r.
What hath the ox deserv'd, that he
By you to death condemn'd should be?
Should end a toilsome harmless life,
A victim to a butcher's knife?
With justice doth the peasant hope
For blessings from a plenteous crop,
Who can destroy the ox which till'd
And smooth'd with toil his rugged field,
Submitting mildly to the yoke,
The stubborn clod which patient broke?
Must sheep, unknown to give offence,
Whose looks denote their innocence,

Whose voice, when injur'd, must impart
Soft feelings to the hardest heart,
Must they be made by man to bleed,
Tho' him they living clothe and feed?

HAIL Temperance, thou unshaken friend
To body equally and mind :
To dulness thou and gloom a foe,
Mak'st wit and social humour flow :
To thee the philosophic sage
Indebted stands for green old age ;
For passions mild, for judgment clear,
For thought serene, tho' death be near :
To thee the race unborn is bound
For health and constitutions found :
To thee the peasant vigour owes ;
By thee he plants and plows and sows :
No surer prop than thee we find
In adverse fate of ev'ry kind :
Thou on the cheek a vivid glow
Dost paint ; nor furrows on the brow,

Till

Till late, by ancient *Time* are sent :

By thee the gout and stone relent.

Thy vot'ries, tho' depress'd their state,

Despise the tables of the great :

To live on little taught by you,

The glutton with contempt they view ;

They find, nor anxious are for more,

Profusion in a little store ;

3. Which, fifty times redoubl'd, wou'd
Be to *Apicius* hardly food.

F A B L E

F A B L E II.

The PEASANT and the SERPENT.

HIS lurid clouds when *Boreas* spread,
 With snow the trees and fields o'erlaid;
 A Peasant in his journey found
 A Serpent fix'd to frozen ground.
 Across the road, and in his way,
 She lifeless in appearance lay.
 He rais'd her, so compassion wrought,
 And friendly to his cottage brought.
 At first she slowly to revive
 Was seen; but soon was all alive:
 When rapid from the hearth she sprung,
 And deep her benefactor stung.

OF evils which mankind harass,
 Ingratitude none to surpass

Are

Are known. This vice aloud complains,
Unrecompens'd my worth remains.
True, favours I receive ; but due
To merit all, and all too few.
The services of friends I claim ;
Since, thus bestow'd, I honour them.

I. BENEV'LENCE to excess we find,

Tho' rare, an evil of its kind :

A weed which seldom baneful we

Or of a growth luxuriant see.

What standard shall we find to try

Benev'lence and its measures by ;

Left in ungrateful soil we sow

Our grain ; to swine our pearls throw ?

Of merit try'd a just degree

With favours granted ought to be.

Hence mutual satisfaction, hence

Unshaken friendships will commence.

Who sensibility possess

With judgment season'd, and no less

With

With friendship's feelings, scarce will fail
To give to favours due avail.
But who unfeeling are, or found
In friendship's sacred ties unsound,
From such your fate will be to bring
For services a poison'd sting.

F A B L E

F A B L E III.

The FOX and the FROG.

A FROG, conceited, vain and proud,
Held in contempt his brotherhood :

Dislik'd their stile of life, as low,

In which no Frog of taste could show.

“ This state, what odd disgusts it brings ?

“ I'm qualified for better things.

“ My worth unknown, my pow'rs of mind

“ In this *Bæotia* lost. I find

“ Nought equal to my merit here :

“ I'd figure in a higher sphere.

“ For politics I'm fully able ;

“ But hate the insults of the rabble :

“ Which never fails to be the fate

“ Of ministers, however great :

“ For which no sage a cure hath giv'n ;

“ Nor could an angel sent from heav'n,

D

“ Since

“ Since ’tis entail’d on mobs a curse,
“ Their better friends to treat the worse.”

Thus, in his mind the case he tofs’d,
And in a maze of doubt was lost.

He dwells on med’cine and the bar ;

But likes the former better far :

Thinks it, postponing all the rest,

Would suit his grave deportment best :

Resolv’d, when art should fail, to crown

Success by whisp’ring others down.

He learns to talk, as fancy hits,

Of tremors and hysteric fits,

Of *opium* and *mercurius dulcis* ;

Examines eyes and tongues and pulses.

Thus qualified, he leaves the fen,

Nought wanting, but peruke and cane :

For he possess’d, as gifts of nature,

Solemnity of voice and feature.

1. He next proceeds to boast his skill,

The virtues of his drop and pill ;

To hold all applications trash,

Compar’d with his cosmetic wash ;

To

To shrug the shoulder, shake the head,
That is, *my brother errs indeed.*

In short, he met with approbation
Exceeding far his expectation.

When a fly Fox,—“How can you thus

“Pretend to med’cine among us?

“Say your prescriptions never fail,

“While those of others nought avail?

“How dare you ev’ry where assert

“That no disease withstands your art;

“When these pale lips and jaundic’d skin

“Betray your sickly state within?”

This said, a general hiss was heard;

Contempt on ev’ry face appear’d.

Shame forc’d the quack away to scud,

And huddle in his native mud.

How few are found of human kind,

Who weigh the pow’rs of their own mind!

Seek we the standard just to know?

Ten rate above for one below.

To know one's self ;—no doctrine fraught
With more instruction can be taught.
Our temperament, our education,
Our food, our daily occupation
Pervert our passions, sway our wills,
And chequer life with varied ills.
Thus restless Pride, than which we find
None more pernicious to mankind,
Productive is of breach of faith,
Of grudgings, quarrels, war and death.
This epidemic to correct,
State-med'cine hath but small effect.

AERIAL dreamers some we see
Wrapt in their own sufficiency ;
With *Fancy's* full blown bubbles fed,
Thro' *Fancy's* wilds by *Fancy* led :
Whose manners bord'ring on the fool,
Devote them butts to ridicule :
Who, boasting sapience yet unknown,
See all mens follies but their own.

These,

These, whom thus cobwebs occupy,
 On clouds in lofty regions fly.
 Or, when on earth, are seldom found
 With footsteps firm to tread the ground.
 Wise *Morio*, in his easy chair,
 With features fix'd, and solemn stare,
 While fawning parasites around
 Listen and silence keep profound,
 Shews man's defects in all the parts
 Of science, politics and arts.

Says *Morio*, had it been my fate,
 I could have steer'd the helm of state.
 When *Europe* late in war was dipt,
 I saw where many a statesman tript ;

2. Foretold the bad success of *Spain*,
 When *France* and *England* reap'd the gain ;
3. Was not astonish'd with the fate
 Of an unhappy Potentate ;
 Knew well his kingdom was to be
 Soon parcell'd out by other three.
 Thus *Morio*, meaning his own praise,
 All *Europe's* politics surveys :

From court to court he nimbly leaps,
 No statesman of them all escapes.
 Kings too, at times, he'd introduce,
 While ev'ry servant in his house
 Sees his neglects, and where he errs
 In piloting his own affairs.
 Had this same *Morio* in his hand
 The reins of pow'r, at his command,
 He'd quickly shew, in tumbling down,
 The gambols of a *Phaeton*.

“ YOUR sketching, Friend, is strong and
 rude :

“ Some parts, perhaps, may please the crowd :

“ But try'd by a severer glass,

“ With those of taste can never pass.

“ The portrait, sure, in ev'ry feature,

“ Is hardly to be found in nature.”

Forgive me, Sir, my tale is true,

Change but the name, 'tis told of you.

Nor is the character so rare,

We meet with *Morios* ev'ry where.

F A B L E

F A B L E IV.

The two FROGS.

TWO social frogs, in sultry weather,

A journey undertook together.

They, with fatigue and heat worn out,

In quest of water cast about.

At length, with much ado, they found

A draw-well deep, with stones set round.

Down let us leap without delay,

Says one, this will our toils repay.

The other thus, as on the brink

He sat, Dear brother, do but think,

How shall we from this pit ascend?

Whom shall we ask their aid to lend?

Or what can all our arts avail,

Were water likewise here to fail?

THAT

THAT General never can be great
Who thinks not of a safe retreat.
Inaction and retreats alone,
Well-tim'd, applause have often won.
Great *Fabius**, who was first renown'd,
And for procrastination crown'd,
Inactive in one post remain'd,
And thus unfading laurels gain'd :

1. And *Cæsar*, in a desp'rate state,
Acquir'd much fame by one retreat :
Which contributed to his rise
More than his former victories.
Caution and foresight, though allied,
Are in their natures different wide.
In children caution oft appears,
Resulting wholly from their fears.
But, in that early period, we
Foresight cannot expect to see.
Slight observation shews, that this
The offspring of experience is.
Events with chances to compare,
Of prudence makes the greater share.

Who

* *Fabius Maximus.*

Who good from evil would discern,
Who paths of rectitude would learn,
Who, with applause, life's parts would play,
Past things with present let him weigh.
By foresight, timously applied,
We oft misfortunes may avoid;
Or if the *Fates* should evils doom,
They strike us lighter when they come.
Hence minds, whose haughtiness cannot
Forecast the evils in their lot;

2. Which proudly boast, and act as free
From frailties of humanity,
Struck unprepar'd, will feel the dart,
With force redoubl'd, reach the heart.
A trusty friend to me is given;
But were this friend call'd off to heaven,
3. Though this a loss, far more to me
Than one half of myself, would be;
Such as it is, I'd bear it better
Than if I had forecast it later.
Thus every morn, when you awake,
Consider what you have at stake;

Think

Think you may lose ere it shall end,
 A wife, an husband, child, or friend,
 That evils, of the heavier kind,
 You off your guard may never find.

FABLE

F A B L E V.

The DOG and his SHADOW.

A Dog, who stole a piece of meat,
 (The tale is of an ancient date)
 Came, as in haste he ran away,
 Where planks across a river lay.
 The streams, as in their course they pass,
 Prove here a magnifying glass;
 The luncheon, in his mouth, they show
 A monstrous rump of beef below.
 No dog hath passions at command,
 A lure so tempting to withstand:
 So, pointing with an aim so fair,
 He, snatching, caught a—gulp of air.
 The dog, who thus at shadows dips,
 May shake his tail, and lick his lips.

THE

THE actings of the human race,
From their remoter springs to trace,
And whence prepollent motives rise,
Much art requires and piercing eyes :
So whimsical, so wild they are,
And so eccentric oft appear,
That where they tend, or whence they flow,
No pow'r beneath divine can show.
'Gainst adverse fate, when restless man
Hath fought and done the most he can,
The case can scarce so desp'rate be
But still he hopes a change to see.
Thus hope hath been by heaven assign'd
A support to the human mind ;
Nor in adversity alone,
But in the common course we run.
Of hope no object can be found
More natural than in teeming ground.
The peasant who to earth his seed
Commits, the earth his hope will feed,
Till pouring forth luxuriant crops,
Succeeding profits crown his hopes.

Thus,

Thus, while we Nature's gifts receive,
Why risk the loss of what we have?
But Fortune's favours who possess,
Sufficient to their happiness,
Not satisfied with this their store,
Who hazard all to make it more,
Ought never, tho' they nothing gain,
Of disappointment to complain.
Old *Harpax* drew, such was his fate,
An hundred thousand pounds complete.
This sum, with conduct, may suffice,
Says he, without a further prize :
But yet an hundred thousand more
Would, to a wish, complete my store.
When I in stocks my fortune try,
My fellow jobbers I defy :
None of them all hath play'd his part
With so much success, so much art.
From stocks I still may draw a treasure,
Since them I raise and sink at pleasure.
Thus, reas'ning on ideal grounds,
In go the hundred thousand pounds :

E

And

And *Harpax* drew, to end the matter,
As *Tray* his rump drew from the water.

Belphegor wrought a composition
Of av'rice season'd with ambition ;
(Look not askew, nor hold my tale
As antiquated now and stale),
In these, inseparably combin'd,
He dipt at first the human mind :
And, though with some they show but faint,
No man can yet expunge the taint.

F A B L E

F A B L E VI.

The JACKDAW and the PEACOCKS.

A JACKDAW with ambition fir'd,
 To Peacocks company aspir'd.
 But first 'twas meet, she thought, to be
 Drefs'd decent for such company.
 The gaudy feathers, as she found,
 She straight collected from the ground :
 These in her wings, her tail, her neck
 Disposing, to procure respect :
 But native black appear'd between
 The feathers purple, blue and green.
 Now, in her dowdy drefs, along
 She struts, and mixes with the throng.
 The Peacocks bear her for a while,
 Some sour'd with rancour, others smile.
 At length around their guest they press,
 And strip her of her taudry drefs.

With shame, affronted thus, she burns,
And to her ancient friends returns.
But these, however friends before,
She, to her cost, finds friends no more.
They justly leave one to repine
Who late their friendship did decline.
Despis'd, forlorn and rueful, she
Drags on a life of misery.

Of varied ills of either kind*,
So baneful to the human mind,
We ever find untam'd and bold,
Pride domineering uncontrol'd.
No empire ever hath so wide
Extended been as that of *Pride*.
The Grecian were and Roman states
Confin'd to limits by the *Fates*.
Pride no such limitation owns,
Her sway from ploughs extends to thrones ;
From mountain tops to ev'ry coast,
Emancipation none can boast.

i. But

* Natural and moral.

1. But tho' so vast this Queen's domain,
The brute knows nothing of her reign.
To man's more elevated mind
This state of slav'ry is confin'd.
Man's mind *Pride*, claiming as her share,
Commits her depredations there :
Exerting pow'r in various ways
She with his other passions plays.
She cools affection, poisons love,
Her instigations envy move,
Excite revenge, and sparks of ire
She quick blows up to raging fire,
On equals and inferiors frowns,
At ribbons grasping, stars and crowns.

F A B L E VII.

The Old LION.

A LION, while in vigour, had
 O'er all the forest terror spread;
 Not sparing sheep, nor horse, nor bull,
 His den he kept of carrion full.
 At length he lay, with age o'ercome,
 Imprison'd in his dreary home.
 The beasts, who liv'd in constant dread,
 Are from impending danger freed.
 With deep resentment now they burn,
 And make reprisals in their turn.
 The aged victim passive feels
 Bulls horns, boars tusks, horses heels.
 What chiefly stung him to the heart,
 Was that the As should bear a part:
 The As, whom late he held a fool,
 Beneath contempt or ridicule,

Now

Now pinching hard his furrow'd sides,
Reproachfully his case derides.

OF evils, wherewith man is press'd,
Pow'r misapplied is not the least.
Who pow'r exorbitant possess,
Enslave inferiors, or oppress.
Of states, which labour'd story swell,
None more than *Rome* this truth can tell;
Whose emperors by heaven design'd,
And sent as scourges to mankind,
From virtue seem'd to fall the more,
• The more those tyrants rose in pow'r;
1. For tyrants only here we mean,
Not those who *mens delights* have been;
Not those whom virtue render'd great,
But who with vices were replete.
With such when fate and fortune change,
When ripe for merited revenge,
However tragical their end,
Not one in fifty finds a friend;

Whose

Whose feelings in that fatal hour
Will milk of human kindness * pour.

ABUSE of pow'r, in stations high,
Contempt attracts and infamy.
High rank alone will not procure
Esteem, nor popular love ensure.
Innate benevolence of mind
Reflected good will ever find ;
From ev'ry quarter draw regard ;
Be to itself its own reward.
See those who, in the course of time,
Have stations occupied sublime ;
Whose worth their memory and renown
Transmits to endless ages down.
What patterns Grecian states afford,
Fame in her temple shall record ;
Shall in no period cease to tell,
What lawless arms they did repel.
Nor shall thy sons of worth, O *Rome*,
Forgotten be in times to come.

In

* *Shakespeare.*

In your illustrious annals, shine
A *Titus, Adrian, Antonin.*
Nor slaughter these, nor human blood
Delighted, but diffusive good.
When call'd, celestial pow'rs, by you
To pay the debt to nature due,
Of that vast empire few or none;
However distant from the throne,
Were found, who did not bear a part,
And dread the blow with aking heart;
By vows themselves, who did not bind
To save these fathers of mankind.

F A B L E

F A B L E VIII.

The STAG and his IMAGE.

A STAG solacing in the wood,
 Now on the turf, now in the flood,
 At times, on that he playsome trips,
 Then in the lake his limbs he dips.
 The waters, smooth as glass, below
 Distinct his stately figure show.
 Each member in its turn he sees,
 Disliking some, while others please :
 “ They seem upon the whole to me
 “ Proportion’d well enough to be ;
 “ These limbs excepted, which appear
 “ Too slender for the weight they bear :
 “ However much the rest I love,
 “ Of them I never can approve.
 “ But none so much my frame adorns
 “ As do my head these branching horns ;
 “ O’er

“ O’er all the rest wide spreading, they

“ With dignity themselves display.”

While thus engag’d, the wood resounds

With a full opening of the hounds.

The distant hills re-echoing rung ;

The Stag alarm’d, like light’ning sprung.

So fleet his course, by many a mile

He hop’d his en’mies to beguile :

When darting thro’ a copse, he found

His antlers in a thicket bound.

His efforts to get loose are vain ;

And certain ruin to remain.

The dogs approach, the huntsmen call,

And now a victim sure to fall ;

Why view’d I, with deceiving eyes,

These limbs, in deep despair he cries ?

These limbs, by which I might have been

Sav’d from perdition unforeseen.

These horns, why did I foolish love ?

These horns which now my ruin prove.

Florella

Florella at her toilet set,

With all its implements complete,

Surveys minutely ev'ry grace

In ev'ry feature of her face :

Pleasure and honour which prevails,

Weights in imaginary scales.

“ What boundless licence would we take

“ Did not our honour lie at stake !

“ Were't not this barrier of the mind,

“ What fields of pleasure should we find !

“ But honour,—what is it to me ?

“ Am I not made by nature free ?

“ True ; honour some imagine real ;

“ A phantom others and ideal.

“ I know not which ; but this I know,

“ That what my faithful mirrors show,

“ For real substance is well known,

“ As ev'ry man of sense will own.

“ Our bloom is short, and like the rose,

“ Is hurt by ev'ry wind that blows.

“ The maid, who idly loses time,

“ Forgets the shortness of her prime.”

F

Florella,

Florella, honour laid aside,
Restraint no longer can abide.
Of constitution young and warm,
To yield to passion fees no harm.
In minds when these incentives lead,
Shame and compunction soon succeed.
Of joys by ardent passions bought,
Duration long in vain is fought.
From ear to ear first whispering round,
But swelling soon to treble sound,
Fame, eager to outrun the post,
Proclaims a reputation lost.
Florella now begins to find
The seeds of anguish in her mind;
Which, buried with a name so fair,
At no time more prolific are.
A stranger she to balmy rest,
Her en'my harbours in her breast:
A foe from which she ne'er can fly,
Destin'd to haunt her till she die.
She friends esteem, her former boast,
Laments irrevocably lost.

Those

Those friends, whose intercourse before
Of pleasures yielded ample store,
As strangers now she grieves to see
Avoid her ; or her en'mies be.

YOUTH, as the Stag his horns, commends
That course of life, which ever tends
To lead the mind from bad to worse,
And bring, in riper years, remorse.
Impetuous passions of the soul
Spurn admonition, hate control.
As skies, which now serene and fair,
Soon hid with clouds and stormy air,
So they, who wide in pleasures roam,
Forecast no storms of life to come.
To temper passions in our prime,
Will satisfaction yield in time.

F A B L E IX.

The Fox and the Lion.

A Fox by chance a Lion spies,
 Of aspect fierce and monstrous size;
 Besides, of tawny beard a store,
 Such as she ne'er had seen before.
 She for a moment bore the sight,
 When off she ran with all her might.
 She next observes him, as he stood,
 Tho' at a distance, in the wood.
 She eyes him now from head to heel;
 But still seem'd awkwardly to feel:
 And tho' the sight did not displease,
 Was not entirely at her ease.
 What custom of itself can do,
 Appears from the third interview;
 For in his way herself she posts,
 Without reserve and him accosts:

Apologizes for her fear,

“ Weak nerves alarms can seldom bear :

“ And oft, you know, hysteric fits

“ Have fatal prov’d to female wits.”

WE oft the force of custom find
Sufficient to enslave the mind.
The youth who bred a simple swain,
Whose heart is honest, manners plain ;
Whose mind with moral precepts fraught,
Retaining what it hath been taught,
Acquires a fortune, comes to town,
And lays this sober maxim down,
’Gainst ev’ry vice entrench’d secure,
I’ll keep my mind and manners pure.
Nor do his passions yet incline
To cards, to gallantry or wine.
But scenes we soon familiarize,
Which daily pass before our eyes.
What vices odious now appear,
By use a comeliness acquire.

Our

Our youth, less rustic now and shy,
To venial vices learns to ply;
And tho' to one at first he fall,
He ends a victim to them all.
Withstand beginnings, we a rule
Acquire when young, but leave at school.

BUT by bad customs tho' we be
Often misled, we sometimes see
Advantages by habit gain'd,
And to our latest hour retain'd.
The boy at school, whose timid mind
Danger avoids of every kind;
Accustom'd in his future life,
To feats of arms and martial strife,
Now fears no fight, nor en'mies wrath,
Of fire regardless, sword and death.
Tho' hero in the field he be,
He dreads the terrors of the sea;
Trembles to see a watery mound,
To hear the billows roar around;

I. Shrinks

1. Shrinks when the vessel seas divides,
When furies lash her quaking sides.
From this, he visits *India's* shore;
Traverses oceans o'er and o'er;
Returns accustom'd to the sea,
No bolder mariner than he.

SINCE custom then, by such effects,
The mind to right or wrong directs,
In education nothing can
Contribute more to mould the man.
Nor is this influence on the mind,
To virtue and to vice confin'd :
For manners less important are
Of pattern-habits known to share.
When children, imitative we
Conform to what we hear and see ;
On principles improper bred,
By custom and example led,
Are pert, impetuous, awkward, shy,
With heat resist or timid ply.

F A B L E X.

The VIPER and the FILE.

1. **A** VIPER rising from the ground,
 For food look'd wishfully around.
 A smith's forge and its tools present ;
 The door was open, in she went.
 The anvil seem'd, of all she saw,
 A luncheon for an empty maw.
 To satiate, or at least beguile
 Her natural call, she gnaw'd a while.
 Unsatisfied and tir'd with biting,
 She thought the File look'd more inviting.
 True, it was neither flesh nor fish,
 And sure enough an aukward dish :
 But in such plenty, who can say
 What best may please a Viper's eye ?
 The File surpris'd, as on the ground
 He lay, and silence kept profound.

Unable

Unable longer to contain ;
You fool, he cries, what can you mean ?
Before I feel your poison'd mouth,
You'll grind to powder ev'ry tooth.

THAT man's imprudences mislead,
That we by vain efforts proceed,
And grasp at things beyond our reach,
Examples ev'ry moment teach.
We these, when meant for real use,
Tho' unsuccessful, may excuse :
Or such, since good the motive was,
Ought not, perhaps, to want applause.
But efforts which to evils tend,
As well as those which have no end,
Impressions ought no more to make
On us, than on a File the Snake :
'Gainst these we ought ourselves to steel,
And, like the anvil, nothing feel.
2. 'Gainst evils, when efforts are vain,
Let Zeno's principles obtain.

No

No reason human minds can guide,
Warp'd by ambition, envy, pride.
Good were it for society,
That they alone could sufferers be,
Whose passions, by these vices fed,
To enterprizes vain are led ;
But in their fall, however wrong,
They drag the innocent along ;
As who have, by their surety given,
To jails been and perdition driven.
These heavier evils to redress,
A state such members ought no less
To close confinement to compel,
Than any madman in a cell.
A bedlamite, whose desperate brain
Rears tow'rs of straw to fall again,
Employs his time to some good end,
Since thus his mind is entertain'd.
Whether these stand or tumble down,
Is no man's business but his own.

WHAT characters we most admire,
Because most virtuous and entire,

Are

Are objects which attract the eye
And poison'd arrows of *Envy*.
Of vices the whole group than this
None more her own tormentor is.
Her venom, spent in vain attacks,
Corrosive on herself re-acts :
Thus doom'd on others blights to cast,
Which her own vitals tend to waste.
So wasps, revenge indulging, bring
Death, rather than not use their sting.
As rocks, which have, for ages past,
Withstood the scourge of ev'ry blast,
Which have unshaken and untorn,
The ceaseless rage of billows borne ;
So minds, whose only aim is good,
Which obstinate to rectitude,
Which truth, were life itself at stake,
The universal touchstone make,
Thus cas'd in virtue, and to yield
To vice unknown :—'Gainst such a shield,
This adamantin coat of mail,
No pow'r of *Envy* can prevail.

F A B L E XI.

The ANT and the FLY.

AN altercation, somewhat high,
Arose between an Ant and Fly :

This boasting much superior merit,

Which reptile Ants cannot inherit :

His elevations in the air ;

His well known freedoms with the fair.

“ I now indulge on blossoms bright,

“ On fruits delicious now alight.

“ To me all palaces are free,

“ There splendid furniture I see.

“ I roam at large in drawing rooms,

“ Enjoying *Mecca's* rich perfumes.

“ Now, on a royal foretop sit,

“ A post for observation fit ;

G

“ From

“ From which the circle round I see,
“ No feature there is hid from me :
“ And thus I of their passions judge,
“ Who pleas’d, who disappointed grudge.
“ Where turtle feasts are, I am there,
“ No parasite finds richer fare :
“ Or if I wish to treat my ear,
“ I *Handel* or *Corelli* hear.
“ When you compare your life with mine,
“ How great your reason to repine !
“ Your wretched and laborious state
“ None more than I commiserate.”
I’ve heard you out, replies the Ant,
My life laborious is I grant.
But with that labour I am pleas’d,
As much as you in air when rais’d :
For what by industry we find,
Yields double pleasure to the mind.
You vapour idly in the air ;
You buzz a torment to the fair ;
You visit palaces of Kings,
And all your other boasted things.

But

But why forget to let me know,
That you for food to dunghills go?
When colds from hyperborean sky
Are pinching felt, you torpid lie.
Remaining then at home, I share
The fruits of former labours there.

Two characters are often met,
Which, when in opposition set,
Each other to advantage shew,
As light and shade in paintings do.
Balbus conceited, thoughtless, vain,
Whose course advice cannot restrain,
Whose various diffipations lead
To a dependent state and need;
Void of resources in his mind,
Support external trusts to find;
Can hours in teasing others fit,
Exhibiting his flimsy wit.
At times in motion, quick or slow,
His charming attitudes to show.

His knowledge to romance extends,
Its source is there, and there it ends.
Religion mention'd, *Balbus* sneers,
That is, I laugh at female fears.
His mental void we fathom by
Perpetual risibility.
So when he talks of this or that,
Of weather, news, no matter what,
His smiles, his dimpl'd cheek and chin
Betray the vacancy within.
Young *Flavia*, for true taste admir'd,
For talents natural and acquir'd,
From pure affection tries to raise
Her brother's character and praise :
His folly palliates ; and with art
Proves *Balbus* hath a liberal heart :
Can on his well turn'd person dwell :
But blushing owns he ne'er could spell.—
“ Your strictures justly levell'd I,
“ Tho' with regret, cannot deny :
“ Nor are these imperfections found
“ In *Balbus* only to abound.

“ In

" In others, without number, we

" Such or worse failings daily see.

" But why neglect his native merit?

" *Balbus* is known a man of spirit?"

Which by a touchstone tried you'll find

A spirit of the baser kind.

Agellius, of a fortune mean,

To labour long inur'd had been ;

Thro' painful hardships having fought,

To wealth at length himself had wrought :

With which, and with his happy state,

None could than he be less elate :

And, tho' with toil this wealth he gain'd,

The indigent their share obtain'd ;

Which liberally he them allow'd,

As for this end by heaven bestow'd.

He *Balbus* had, as matters stood,

(They were, tho' distant, join'd by blood,)

Reliev'd, supported and advis'd ;

But was by *Balbus* still despis'd :

Who thought a friend so meanly born,
 An object only fit for scorn.
 Of these, which is the man of merit?
 Or who can boast the nobler spirit?

F A B L E

F A B L E XII.

The Sick KITE.

AKITE with sickness much oppress'd,
 Whose vicious manners stood confess'd,
 Unwilling to resign his breath,
 And trembling at approaching death,
 Entreats his dam, without delay,
 To all the Gods for aid to pray.
 To which of all the Gods can I,
 Says she, with decency apply
 For one, whose rapine unrestrain'd
 Hath left no altar unprofan'd?
 Whose violent and oppressive mind
 Spar'd sex nor age of any kind.

*Death, when his grisly squadrons press,
 Of life the surest touchstone is.*

Vice

Vice then her marks and *Virtue* bear,
With genuine features both appear.
Each then, assuming natural size,
Is seen with undeceiving eyes.
The pigmy-vice, which erst was deem'd
A pleasure innocent, or seem'd
A vice which well might be by heaven,
For a small sacrifice, forgiven,
Swells to gigantic size, and brings
To guilty souls a thousand stings.
Fair *Virtue* now, with open face,
Exhibits ev'ry native grace :
Her eyes with majesty divine,
In all their dazzling lustre shine.
“ Why did I think your looks austere,
“ Your paths so rugged, laws severe ?
“ I thought you ev'ry pleasure marr'd,
“ To joy and mirth a foe declar'd.
“ Were I to live my life anew,
“ No potentate I'd own but you.
“ I'd, like *Alcides*, to your sway
“ Submissive ev'ry nod obey.

“ Tasks

“ Tasks would, however great, to me

“ Be pleasure when enjoin’d by thee.”

These are our feelings, this our tale;

When to the world we bid farewell.

IF constitutionally thus

Death formidable be to us,

And, as examples daily shew,

A debt from us to nature due ;

Sure nothing more important can

Or interesting be to man,

Than such a life to lead that, when

Death calls, he may serene remain.

Our sentiments of death we find

To change, as passions move the mind :

Nor can the most acute foresee

What soon its thoughts of death may be. *

Love disregards it ; honour courts ;

Despair with all its terrors sports.

Nay, death at times, tho’ *Nature’s* claim,

Preoccupied hath been by *Shame*.

Revenge,

* *Lord Bacon.*

Revenge, when in a high degree,
 Despising death we often see:
 To call to mind departed friends,
 Death, in some measure, recommends:
 Where they are gone we long to be,
 Nor wish we more from death to flee.

F A B L E

F A B L E XIII.

The PEACOCK and the CRANE.

A PEACOCK, insolent and vain,
Treats with contempt an humble Crane;
An air of dignity assumes,
Expanding wide his gaudy plumes;
And, keeping distance due between,
Accosts the Crane with haughty mien.

“ What stalker comes?—How like a fool?—

“ An object fit for ridicule.

“ To me, did you but manners know,

“ That aukward form you’d blush to show.

“ What length of limbs!--What swordlike bill!--

“ Your figure makes my blood run chill.

“ Did *Nature* trip for once and fail

“ To dress you with a decent tail?—

“ How

“ How happy in ourselves, when we
“ These disproportion’d figures see !
“ When we reflect that fortune kind
“ To us protectors hath assign’d !
“ By man with care paternal bred ;
“ By man admir’d, careff’d and fed.
“ What high drest villas of the great
“ Are, without Peacocks, deem’d complete?”
That you with finery are ’tis plain
By nature deck’d, replies the Crane.
That men protection yield to you,
Believe not to your merit due :
Consulting their own pleasure, they
The dictates of their taste obey.
But we possess our native pow’rs,
And these superior far to yours.
While you to trees can hardly rise,
With ease, we soaring reach the skies.
For food on others to rely,
Which one can find by industry,
Is mean ; and a dependent state
A liberal mind will ever hate.

OF

OF evils, which in life abound,
And man in ev'ry state furround,
None in their natures more severe,
Or more to be regretted are,
Than those from vanity which flow,
Postponing real worth to show,
Nature's progressive order we
In ev'ry stage of life may see :
Thus are in infancy combin'd
A plastic frame and passive mind.
In childhood next, the mind its store
Exhibits, which lay hid before ;
And, veering to a different tract,
Not wholly passive, learns to act.
Their tender passions soon are mov'd
By what is hated or lov'd.
1. The child, who speech hath just attain'd,
Who just can stagger unsustain'd,
And with his figur'd gewgaws pleas'd,
Is soon provok'd and soon appeas'd.
In youth the passions, not so tame,
Acquiring strength, the steerage claim :

H

Nor

Nor are they, till a later season,
By prudence taught to yield to reason.
Youth in this latter stage, we know,
Are led by pageantry and show ;
And urg'd by a too violent spirit,
Unqualified to judge of merit ;
Of which a due investigation
Long time requires and observation ;
By which matur'd the mind will learn
From tinsel bullion to discern ;
To give to real worth its due,
To disregard external shew.
With such, parades no more avail
Than with the Crane the Peacock's tail.

YET some there are, whose vanity
Retains its vigour till they die.
These, tho' at seventy, are no less
Enslav'd by equipage and dress,
By liveries, scarlet, blue or green
Than any fribbler at fifteen.

F A B L E XIV.

The TORTOISE and the EAGLE.

A TORTOISE, whimsical and vain,
 Would often of her state complain ;
 Thought Fate injurious to her merit,
 Her genius, taste refin'd and spirit.
 " My make how lumpish !—Stature low !—
 " My shell a load, my motion slow.
 " What odd œconomy, that I
 " Should crawl on earth, while others fly."—
 She to the Eagle next applies,
 Begg he would bear her to the skies :
 Assuring him she meant no jest ;
 The thought her mind had long impress.
 The Eagle, stunn'd and much her friend,
 Warmly began to recommend,
 With arguments somewhat severe,
 Restriction to her native sphere.

She, disappointed and in heat,
Replies, the case you falsely state ;
You hold me like the reptile race
An object destin'd to disgrace.
Since this indulgence you decline,
I'll find it in another line.
From mere compassion he complies,
And with the Tortoise off he flies.
She, pleas'd herself in air to find,
Despises all the reptile kind :
Delighted with her new condition,
Applauds her spirited ambition.
Fate, at no time, hangs o'er our head
More than when dangers least we dread ;
And the more elevated we,
Our fall will more destructive be.
The Eagle felt his claws unfold,
From long fatigue, and lose their hold.
The Tortoise, with a dreadful shock,
Found ruin on a pointed rock.

No

No passions nearer are allied
Than vanity, ambition, pride.
Thus when one ardent is to rise,
And, Tortoise like, to reach the skies,
Or when to measures bold impell'd,
The mind in doubt is often held,
And hardly can distinguish whether
Prompted by one or all together.
To the same word we often find
Doubtful or various meanings join'd ;
And yet ambition may, we know,
Subsist without the other two.
So *Cæsar*, with ambition fir'd,
To the first rank in *Rome* aspir'd :
But no man ever yet allow'd
That he was either vain or proud.
Pride prompts the man contempt to show
To equals and to those below :
To cringe and fawn to those above
Its nature further tends to prove.
In vanity, with oral sound,
Much emptiness of mind is found :

In pompous language, accents loud,
Much talk of ancestry and blood,
Of honours high, connections great,
Rich paintings, equipage and plate,
French cookery, tables, dishes, wine,
And all superlatively fine.

I saw, while *Sleep* his scenery spread,
By *Vanity Ambition* led.
Blindfolded this, her temples round,
And o'er her eyes a fillet bound.
Afar beyond an ancient wood,
But full in view, a mountain stood ;
Whose lofty summit seem'd to rise
Above the clouds and reach the skies.
One side adorn'd with shrubs and flowers,
With stately trees and fragrant bowers.
Walks from the bottom upwards went,
With easy serpentine ascent.
The groves melodious warblings fill,
And echo to each sportive rill.

Kind

Kind *Zephyrs*, fanning ev'ry shade,
An universal fragrance spread,
Whose soft papilionaceous wings
Mildness diffuse and genial springs.
At middle height, the quiet abode
Of *Prudence* and *Contentment* stood :
Two female friends we rarely find,
By any change of fate, disjoin'd.
From this the varied prospects show,
Those at the summit and below :
They neither view with canker'd eye,
Nor these despise, nor those envy.
These sister Deities the wise
Revering, on the mountain rise.
On t'other side a dreary scene
Of rocks and deserts wild is seen ;
Rocks naked tow'ring in the air,
Which on the angry ocean stare.
This mountain *Vanity* espies,
And to its top resolves to rise.
Hither her way doubts not to find,
Nor will she leave her friend behind.

Through

Through darksome thickets rugged way,
With many a doubtful step, they stray.
When near the precipice they drew,
By paths which *Prudence* never knew,
They found, advancing in their course,
The further on, their footing worse.
At length *Ambition* balance lost
And headlong down the rocks was toss'd.
In *Envy's* doleful cave she lay,
And never after saw the day.
Now thro' the air, with motion fleet,
(In dreams no obstacles we meet,)
The other female form I sought;
But a surprising change was wrought.
She then and there, squat on the ground,
Shrunk to a crawling toad was found.
Had they, thus sanguine in their hope,
Without disaster reach'd the top,
1. (This *Hermes* whisper'd in my ear,)
Pride ready was to meet them there.

F A B L E XV.

The HORSE and the ASS.

1. **A** HORSE, full fed and richly dress'd,
 With rainbow neck and lofty crest,
 Met, as he brush'd along the road,
 An Ass who groan'd beneath her load.
 The Horse with prancings trod the ground,
 While clouds of dust rose thick around.
 Tossing his head, he fill'd the air
 With noisy neighings far and near.
 Thou sluggish wretch, thus to the Ass,
 Begone, allow me straight to pass.
 The Ass, not daring to reply,
 Retir'd with tacit modesty.
 Some days elaps'd, when in her course
 She met by chance the self same Horse,
 Fatigu'd with loaded cart behind,
 With fallen crest and broken wind.

“ Alas,

- “ Alas, my friend, is this your fate!
“ Where’s now your dignity and state,
“ Your air superb, your skin so sleek,
“ Your gilded bit, your demipique?
“ How little did you then foresee
“ This sad reverse of destiny?
“ In your late happiness had you
“ The manners known to others due;
“ You’d have, when evils now abound,
“ More sympathetic feelings found.”

SUCH is the fate of man, that he
Can seldom bear prosperity.
With the more supercilious eye
One views those who beneath him lie;
If rais’d to a still higher station
The worse he bears his elevation;
His downfall meets, and hapless fate
With more contempt or less regret.
Thou *Galba*, who couldst justly claim
The laurel due to martial fame,

Rais’d

Rais'd to the pinnacle of pow'r,
 Thy brain the height could not endure;
 But, whilst thy vice no bounds did know
 With rank, or sex, or age below,
 To an abyss wast headlong hurl'd,
 Contemptible to all the world.

GRANT, Heaven, a rank of life to me
 From envy, pride, ambition free.
 2. Thrice happy in his rural state,
 Did he but know his happy fate,
 The swain who, far from hostile arms,
 From mutual murders, dire alarms,
 Quietly enjoys the liberal birth
 Pour'd from the bosom of the earth.
 On him no venal levees wait;
 No noisy chariots at his gate;
 No costly paintings hide his wall;
 No sculptur'd marbles grace his hall;
 He sees no chas'd nor burnish'd plate,
 No crimson hiding deep deceit.
 But

But grotts, and living lakes, and flowers,
 And winding streams, and fragrant bowers,
 Delicious fruits, and tow'ring trees,
 In meads enamell'd lab'ring bees,
 Conspire to bless his safe retreat,
 And mind, which never learn'd to cheat.
 A few plain dishes grace his board,
 Which plenty and content afford;
 For which, as by his Maker given,
 He humbly offers thanks to Heaven.
 The product of his grateful fields
 Food equally and pleasure yields.
 Not knowing want, he lives in wealth,
 By simple fare preserving health:
 Nor fails by exercise to find
 Constant alacrity of mind.
 In heats, now under shady trees,
 Half lull'd to sleep by humming bees,
 He from afar his harmless sheep
 Sees browsing on the lofty steep.
 Now, thro' the cool and shaded brakes,
 He seeks refreshing crystal lakes;

And,

And, on the bank reclin'd at ease,
Swans doubl'd in the waters sees :
Or hears from high the plaintive dove
With amorous music fill the grove.

3. YE *Powers*, how grateful should I be,
Were rural joys ordain'd to me !
Were I, retir'd with long lov'd friends,
Whom long experience recommends,
From tumults far remov'd and strife,
Should terminate a toilsome life.
Ye sacred *Muses*, then to you
My labours I'd devote as due ;
To you, by whom tho' uninspir'd,
Whom yet none ever more admir'd,
No votary ever a desire
More ardent own'd to feel your fire ;
To you my offerings I'd assign,
An humble suppliant at your shrine.
4. Blest he, who, master of his mind,
Unshaken and to fate resign'd,

I

Can

Can all things from th' eternal cause
Trace, and investigate their laws ;
Can shew how solar pow'r directs
Globes in their courses ; how effects
From causes so remote can rise,
Why comets glide along the skies :
Why tides alternate beat the shore ;
Why meteors blaze and thunders roar.
But if to such a task my mind,
On trial, I unequal find ;
If these sublime researches be,
Tho' much belov'd, too high for me ;
My life should then, if in my choice,
Remote from cities, crowds and noise,
To rural joys, from jarring free,
And sylvan scenes devoted be.

F A B L E

F A B L E XVI.

The OAK and the REED.

A STURDY Oak, which in the wood
 The rage of storms had long withstood,
 Was forc'd at length, however great,
 Like all things else, to yield to fate.
 A tempest from collected clouds,
 A greater never shook the woods,
 Beat, with tremendous force, the Oak,
 And, after long resistance, broke.
 The downfal made the earth resound,
 And shook the forest all around.
 He, thus extended far and wide,
 A slender Reed near by espied.
 How is't, says he, that you can stand,
 While furious storms lay waste the land?
 Can you, tho' weak, unhurt remain,
 While Oaks lie humbl'd on the plain?

Thus spoke the tree, as on his side
 He lay; and thus the Reed replied :
 My greatest safety is, I find
 To yield to ev'ry breath of wind.
 My head, borne down to touch the plain,
 I quickly raise unhurt again.
 I from all force external flee :
 Resistance would be death to me.

OF plants, which bounteous Nature feeds,
 From stately Oaks to slender Reeds ;
 No greater differences we find,
 Than tempers in the human mind.
 All these minutely to describe,
 To class each in its proper tribe,
 We here to others recommend,
 Whose pow'rs and leisure suit the end.
 As moral which our fable claims,
 Lightly to sketch the two extremes,
 Far from the middle limitation,
 Requires no deep investigation.

SOME

SOME minds there are, nor are they rare,
 Tho' seldom found among the fair,
 Untam'd, impetuous, haughty, bold,
 By art or reason uncontrol'd;
 Comply with nought but what they list;
 Inclining ever to resist.
 These frequent oppositions tend
 To break; no human pow'r can bend.
 To yield to storms of fate unfit,
 They fall, while milder minds submit.
 Nay, by misfortunes tho' borne down,
 From obstinacy scarce they'll own
 Their errors, acting as design'd
 By heaven dictators to mankind.
 Hail, gentle mind, which knows to bow
 As far as *Virtue's* laws allow:
 To tyrants violence wisely plies;
 By resignation learns to rise;
 Its independence to maintain;
 By losing timously, to gain.
 Itself possessing, sees around
 Tumultuous storms and wrecks abound;

Convulsions threaten'd by the *Fates*,
Of Nature now, and now of states.
Thus he, whom sparks celestial fir'd,
Whom confidence divine inspir'd,
Tho' cultur'd olives, green no more,
Should blasted lose their balmy store;
Tho' corns the swain no more should rear;
No more the fig-tree blossoms bear;
Tho' steers should wonted food forego;
Lambs cease their bleating dams to know;
Tho' lab'ring oxen should decline
The plough; to yield her fruit the vine;
Yet I the universal mind
Propitious ever trust to find.

F A B L E

F A B L E XVII.

The LION and the RAT.

TIR'D with the labours of the day,
 And fast asleep a Lion lay :
 When for a while a playsome pack
 Of Rats, who wanton'd on his back,
 Enjoy'd their sports ; but frisking high,
 Awak'd at last his Majesty.
 One seiz'd, presents her humble pray'r,
 A puny animal to spare :
 That one so mean could not aspire
 Even to the honour of his ire :
 That all her efforts to do harm
 Could give to Lions no alarm.
 This seasonable application
 Procur'd her happy liberation.
 This Lion, eager after prey,
 Where toils, with bushes cover'd, lay,
 Was,

Was, as it hath with others far'd,
Before he saw them fast ensnar'd.
His violent struggles to get loose
Involv'd him faster in the noose.
His roarings from the hills rebound,
Tremendous to the beasts around.
His ancient friend the Rat, who heard,
To his relief, with speed, repair'd.
She sedulously seeks the ends
On which the general web depends :
The knots, however fast they be,
She gnawing sets the prisoner free.

THE meanest slave relief may bring,
In exigencies, to a King.
In social bond mankind compris'd,
With parts attun'd and harmonis'd,
Is, while this civil state remains,
Join'd with indissoluble chains :
Examine all the circle round,
No member of the whole is found,
Who,

Who, from the greatest to the least,
Stands unconnected with the rest.
In mutual duties thus we find
A cement social life to bind;
And hence enabl'd are to rate
The health and vigour of a state;
Which constantly are great or small,
As moral duties rise or fall.
But these, (on which we cease to dwell,)
Let *Puffendorf* and *Grotius* tell.

WERE offices 'twixt those in pow'r,
And those whose fate is to be lower,
As with the Lion and the Rat,
No state could firmer be than that.
Its members of whate'er degree,
Would mutually subservient be.
Our actions better are or worse,
As motives are which them enforce:
From mere compliance some with laws
Do good; some to procure applause;

Motives

Motives of interest numbers move,
Which states corrupt, and poison prove;
But of good deeds them best we find,
Which from emotions of the mind
Proceed; when with affection burns
The heart, regardless of returns.
What greater pleasure can attend
Superior stations, than to lend
An hand to those about to be
Sunk in a gulph of misery?

1. The value of these mutual ties,
In which the strength of kingdoms lies;
Why *Nature's* simpler laws we find
Too weak together men to bind;
Why human art must bear a share
In this; and what the motives were
Which mankind first together drew,
The Spartan Legislator knew:
These bonds in *Sparta* stronger prov'd,
That weakening causes were remov'd.

F A B L E XVIII.

The LEOPARD and the FOX.

AN altercation warm of old,
 (The scene of action is not told,)
 Arose about superior merit:
 The Leopard here with ardent spirit,
 And there the Fox with logic true,
 Their respective pretensions shew.
 The former boasts, with irksome din,
 The beauties of her spotted skin;
 With which, so rich it is and rare,
 None in the forest can compare.
 The Fox, without emotion, stood,
 These arguments admitting good:
 While, with a modest look and fly,
 He made this grave and home reply:
 Your spots, 'tis true, are passing fine,
 And those of others far outshine.

I freely own too, there are not
Great beauties in my shagged coat.
But what without hath been denied,
Is liberally within supplied :
For bounteous Nature hath assign'd
To me uncommon pow'rs of mind.
With these endow'd, I often can
Avoid the hidden snares of man :
Can, tho' pursu'd and almost spent,
Elude the dogs of quickest scent ;
Dare venture to my en'my's doors,
And pick provision from his stores.
Nor doth this theft at all offend
The delicacy of my mind ;
Since 'tis to save a life, which they
Feloniously would take away.

How mean the finest form, when join'd
With an abject and vacant mind ?
Such *Paris* was, the bane of *Troy*,
The soldier's sport, the lady's toy.—

We

We find in Epic, as in Painting,
Without a contrast, something wanting :
So he, these principles who knew,
A contrast in *Ulysses* drew :
Ulysses in our day how rare !
While *Paris* meets us ev'ry where.
What mighty empire would be yours,
Ye fair, did ye but know your pow'rs ?
How wide your sway ? How fast you can
In fetters hold the mind of man ?
You'd check the forward, tame the rude,
Whose talents lie in talking loud.
The proud you'd humble, and the vain
You'd balance with your heaviest chain.
You'd not, by show enslav'd and dress,
On fops for conversation press ;
Yield credit, when they tell their passion ;
Nor judge of characters by fashion.

VAIN minds with airy fancies fraught,
By trifling modes of dress are caught.

K

To

To furniture internal they
Nor honour nor attention pay.
Not so *Cornelia*, who displays
Propriety in all her ways ;
Who, merit high intent to find,
To tinsell'd pageantry is blind ;
Truth's treasures who, and richer stores,
With unremitting care explores :
Who stept, with generous ardour, forth,
Maintaining singly *Shakespeare's* worth ;
And the fam'd ægis o'er him threw,
Darts warding from afar which flew.
Whose native pow'rs, whose liberal mind,
Where virtues lodge of ev'ry kind,
Whose judgment sound, whose taste admir'd,
Whose knowledge studiously acquir'd,
Afford such stores, as well may give
To others, but can scarce receive.
Ye young, ye unexperienc'd fair,
Here turn your eyes, and learn of her.
With much reserve your knowledge show ;
But draw from others what they know,

Those

Those parts which most the mind adorn :
Low news and scandal-picking scorn.
Try not your arts the weak to tease ;
Strain ev'ry nerve for those that please.
With meekness, modesty unfeign'd,
With ev'ry motion unconstrain'd,
Conduct yourselves, that female worth,
In all its lustre, may shine forth.
Pure be your thoughts, and let us find
Dress corresponding to your mind.

F A B L E XIX.

The DOG and the WOLF.

A FAVOURITE Dog, we call him *Tray*,
 A strolling went by break of day.
 Up came a Wolf; each with his head
 A friendly salutation made :
 And, time the better to beguile,
 They jogg'd in company a while ;
 Discussing various themes together,
 Their health, the public and the weather ;
 Nor were they, like some folks, confin'd
 To these from vacancy of mind.
 Thro' a wide field of chat they range,
 And artfully their subjects change.
 When thus the Wolf ;—How plump you are ?
 How pleas'd you look ? How void of care ?
 I give you joy ;—but as you see,
 The case is not so well with me ;

For thro' my skin, so ill I fare,
My pointed bones projecting stare.
With labour hard I scarce can find
Food fit for beasts of any kind.
The Dog, who deeply sympathis'd,
To change his mode of life advis'd ;
And undertook to introduce
The stranger to his master's house.
“ My manners copy, and pursue
“ The self same things you see me do.
“ When friends, returning home, you meet,
“ Fall humbly down and lick their feet.
“ But for the art to fawn and flatter,
“ You'll learn from none than mankind better.”
O'erjoy'd the Wolf with chearful mind,
Embrac'd this invitation kind :
And as the light increas'd, he eyed
With eagerness his friend, and spied
A mark unseemly on his skin,
Which, without that, was soft and clean.
Pray whence this circular defect,
Says he, of fur around your neck ?

Why,

Why, as for that, replies the Dog,
'Tis by a collar chaff'd and clog.
I'm tied by day to narrow bounds,
By night let loose to go my rounds.
The Wolf continues with surprise
Silent a while, and thus replies :
Fate hath no en'my been to me,
Since she, tho' poor hath made me free.
Farewell, my friend, your richest cheer
I deem, with bondage, much too dear.

“ WHAT's liberty, and how defin'd ? ” —
Each makes it what best suits his mind.
Such is the fate of man, that he
Cannot without restriction be.
On Nature's dictates to rely,
Would soon undo society :
The mind to social ties to bend,
Coercive laws their aid must lend :
And these to manners ought to be
Proportion'd in a just degree :

States,

States, when in infancy and tame,
In liberty indulgence claim.
Laws fewer then suffice to bind,
And these more gentle in their kind :
For manners native, simple, pure,
Social felicity insure.
To these same states if riches flow,
If pow'r and population grow,
If there enormous cities rise,
And these caballing mobs comprise,
By hot brain'd demagogues led on,
To pull the fairest empires down :
These furious bedlamites to bind,
And in deep dungeons keep confin'd,
Of brazen chains the largest size,
However strong, will scarce suffice.

“ CAN then be found no human plan,
“ Which yields full liberty to man ?”
None, since they liv'd, whose happy fate
Fell in the patriarchal state :

When

When property no limits knew :
When yet the earth scarce felt the plough :
To vice when few incentives : when
Few were on earth the sons of men :
When a whole race by Nature fed,
Were by a single parent led ;
From whom they copied, as they saw
His manners, heard his voice a law ;
To which, as mandates sent from Heaven,
Compliance was with pleasure given :
When thoughts sincere, in words unfeign'd
Express'd, in ev'ry bosom reign'd :
When simple fare and fruits tho' wild,
Productive were of passions mild.
Then Man, whom now no bonds restrain,
Found human institutions vain.

When properly no limits knew;
 When yet the earth scarce felt the plough;
 To see when law first shone, when
 Few were on earth the sons of men;
 When a whole race by Nature led,
 Were by a single parent led;
 From whom they copied, as they live,
 His manners, heard his voice a law;
 To which, as masters learn from masters,
 Compliance was with pleasure given;
 When thoughts tacit, in words untaught
 Spoke, in every bosom taught;
 When single law and spirit the world,
 Productive were of passions mild;
 Then Man, whom now no bonds restrain,
 Touched human institutions vain

F A B L E XX.

The Ass and his MASTER.

A FOOLISH Ass, who grudg'd to see
 The Dog a favourite more than he,
 Thought, if his manners were the same,
 To equal favour he'd lay claim.
 He, happy in this new conceit,
 Roll'd in his mind his future fate.
 " How joyfully my life shall pass,
 " When I become a sporting Ass!
 " I'll by my master's elbow stand,
 " With tit-bits fed from his own hand.
 " How pleas'd I'll hear the guests commend
 " The various virtues of my mind!
 " Nor shall my person be forgot,
 " My taper tail, my velvet coat.
 " His looks how mild?—How soft he leers?
 " How gracefully he pricks his ears?"

" What

“ What ivory teeth?—The lovely creature

“ Shews gentleness in ev’ry feature.

“ For trifling sports, such is my gain :

“ How vast the pleasure?—Nought the pain.”

Thus, in his mind the whole he rates,

And all the scene anticipates.

He next his Master seeks with care,

And finds him in his easy chair :

Where he, for ’twas the heat of day,

Entranc’d in his *Siesta* lay.

Now on his fancy various themes

Of pleasure play’d, and golden dreams ;

When two fore feet the sturdy beast

Plants rudely on his Master’s breast :

And meaning further to amuse,

With hideous brayings fills the house.

Awak’d, you’ll judge how much afraid,

The man, in horror, screams for aid.

The servants enter in a band,

Each with a baton in his hand.

The sequel, which was roundly felt,

Would force an heart of stone to melt.

SCARCE

SCARCE any line of life we see,
Without its impropriety.
Our domineering passions bend
Our minds from where they ought to tend;
They cloud our reason; make appear
Things wide of what they really are;
Our judgments warp, pervert our wills,
And prove a source of endless ills.
The Parson, weary of his gown,
Struts in a lay dress o'er the town;
Can at *New Market* bear a part;
No Jockey bets with greater art;
Now on his hunter, with the hounds,
O'er five barr'd gates and hedges bounds.
The Cit, with wealth almost o'erlay'd,
Tir'd of his counter, books and trade,
Longs to forsake the wharfs of *Thames*,
And mix with garters at *St James*.
His dame, who had, in former life,
Prov'd a pains-taking merchant's wife,
Eager to see herself among
Ladies of rank and learn the *ton*,

L

For

For finery now contracts a passion,
Hates ev'ry antiquated fashion ;
Panting for a superior station,
Disdains domestic occupation.
The son, whose education tends
To vanity, the worst of ends,
Must, since he can th' expence afford,
Game, drink and hunt with ev'ry Lord.
Our Cit with merchants well might shine,
While decent in the merchant line ;
But since he must needs high appear,
Must step out of his native sphere,
Confounded with the scene unknown,
With modes and manners not his own, *
He, like old boys just come to school,
Meets with contempt and ridicule.
In furs the miser sunk and gold,
Clothes not the naked chill'd with cold ;
Unmov'd and void of sympathy,
He sees the poor with hunger die.
When gone, his heir, confin'd before,
And feeling fetters now no more,

Like

* *Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.*

Like winds from *Æolus'* mountain high,
Lets ev'ry ardent passion fly;
And what in fifty years was won,
Squanders and beggar'd is in one.

MEN universally revere
Propriety in ev'ry sphere.
Even they, whose manners faulty prove,
This virtue fair in others love.
Of churchmens minds we ought no less,
From manners, conversation, dress,
To judge, than when we gold essay,
Or in the nicest balance weigh.
They ought to keep from prudery free,
And humble without meanness be,
Careful with temper to defend
That cause on which their hopes depend.
Physicians ought to deem it fit
To patients humours to submit:
Grave, but not sullen, let them be,
And pleasant without levity.

The melancholic let them cheer,
And with the discontented bear.
Who timid, low, dejected are,
Claim much support and friendly care.
But others, fractious to their harm,
May gainers be by an alarm :
This conduct will complaints no-less
Be found than med'cine to redress.
They ought neglected to repine,
This task important who decline.

BUT cease, my Muse, I feel the smart
And aking of a wounded heart.
What a Physician ought to be,
Who dare delineate after thee,
My best, my late departed friend,
Who can with equal force defend,
Or trace the character with art ?—
But cease, my Muse, I feel the dart.
What a Physician ought to be,
A pattern just we saw in thee.

In thee, with science arts combin'd ;
 As manners mild with taste refin'd.
 None more than thee the sick to save
 Affectionate attention gave.
 To thee this was by Heaven assign'd
 To exercise your liberal mind.
 Virtues, with which your soul was fraught,
 To thee were native more than taught :
 Nor useless in thy breast they lay,
 But shone in practice ev'ry day. *
 Whate'er the Nine could give was join'd
 In thee, my much lamented friend.—
 But here I cease ; a loaded heart
 Can ill discharge a friendly part.
 To others this I recommend,
 Whose pow'rs and feelings suit the end ;
 To him, whom ev'ry Muse inspires,
 Whom ev'ry liberal passion fires ;
 Who in th' eternal fane of *Fame*
 In brass engrav'd his *Lucy's* name.

L 3

Or

* Compositum jus fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
 Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.

Or if the mournful Muse to thee
This task, *Cornelia*, should decree,
Were you his merited renown
To hand to future ages down,
Would you his various virtues rate,
Our fate, tho' hard, we'd less regret :
What mind so much a prey to grief
As not from thee to hope relief?

F A B L E

F A B L E XXI.

The EAGLE and the FOX.

THE hungry eaglets scream aloud,
 Impatient to their dam for food.
 The woods and fields she searches round,
 Where food she thinks is to be found.
 At length she at a distance spies
 A Fox's cub, which basking lies.
 O'erjoy'd, this unexpected prey
 She, quickly trussing, bears away.
 Near by, the mother, hid with trees,
 This rape, in sad dejection, sees ;
 Soon at the Eagle's tree appears,
 With mournful voice, and floods of tears.
 No Fox's art was ever more
 Severely brought to proof before.
 She from the Eagle's case, would prove
 The influence of a mother's love.

With

With flow'rs of rhetoric next she tells
How much with fears her bosom swells.
Could any pow'r this Eagle's heart
Have mov'd, it was the Fox's art :
But oratorical pow'rs were vain ;
Her fatal purposes remain.
At once the Fox's passions change
From humble suits to dire revenge.
Close by the corner of a wood,
A venerable altar stood :
Here peasants, on devoted days,
To heaven us'd sacred flames to raise.
With brands from this the Fox return'd,
Mad with revenge, where late she mourn'd.
The fire, for this disaster doom'd,
The tree, the nest and young consum'd.
Their mother, hovering in the air,
Felt all the pangs of deep despair.

TRUE, stations high have often been
From vengeance merited a screen :
But

But one, of rank however low,
May catch his moment for a blow.

You tell a *Nero*, since your fate
Is to stand *Atlas* of the state ;
You citizens, of all degrees,
Ought to protect, defend and please.

“ Pray what are citizens to me,

“ In rank however high they be ?

“ Mine are their villas, daughters, wives ;

“ Indulging whim, I'll take their lives.”

This done, he sees, but sees in vain,

Tacit dissatisfaction reign :

His en'mies finds increasing more

By hundreds than they did before.

Provok'd, his sanguinary views

He unrelenting still pursues.

At length, his cruelties complete,

He trembling sees approaching fate :

Dismay'd, deserted, scarce can find,

In all the state, a single friend.

“ But had he nought to recommend

“ Him to his subjects ?”—Yes, his end ;

Since

Since of his feats the last and best
Claims more applause than all the rest.

WOULD you a state economize,
Let no man therein tyrannize.
Let laws be bulwarks to secure
Rights equally to rich and poor.
Kings are, by sacred compact, bound
To keep the constitution sound;
Laws to enforce; with vigour make
Defence, when liberty's at stake;
To cherish virtue; vice to check;
The meanest subject to protect.

F A B L E

F A B L E XXII.

The KITE and the PIGEONS.

I. **A** KITE who us'd, with wishful eye,
 Near a rich pigeon-house to ply,
 But unsuccessful, hop'd to gain
 By art, what force could not obtain:
 Propos'd to serve, with bill and wing,
 The race of Pigeons as a king:
 Tells them, with orat'ry refin'd,
 How much he was at heart their friend:
 That, if they'd raise him to the throne,
 He'd treat their en'mies as his own.
 The wiser few made an effort
 Their free republic to support.
 But patriots found their interest vain,
 The constitution to maintain:
 The mob, always dispos'd to take
 The lead, resolv'd a change to make.

“ We

“ We soon shall triumph, soon shall be

“ Aveng’d of ev’ry enemy :

“ With such an hero at our head,

“ Shall universal terror spread.”

The Kite, befriended by the mob,

Was soon, by law, empower’d to rob :

Nor chose in storms abroad to roam

For prey, he found enough at home.

Oppress’d the Pigeons now complain

Of this so sanguinary reign.

I’ll let you, says the monarch, know,

That I am, while my badge I show,

Entitl’d, by my royal sway,

To dine on Pigeons ev’ry day.

WHEN ancient *Athens* happy was

With ease and salutary laws,

With liberty, with all the parts

Of sciences and liberal arts,

The mob, in ev’ry age the same,

Slaves to a demagogue became.

But

But of a spirit bold possess'd
The state this evil soon redress'd :
For lux'ry had not yet obtain'd
In *Athens* so much pow'r, nor reign'd
Without control, as when she found
Herself with foreign fetters bound ;
As when she made, to a cabal,
Her son admir'd a victim fall :
A citizen, whose worth confess'd,
Outweigh'd the worth of all the rest.

M

F A B L E

F A B L E XXIII.

The PEACOCK and JUNO.

THE Peacock paints, with much regret,
To *Juno* his unhappy state.

“ What is’t to me that I’m carefs’d

“ By you ; by you so richly dress’d ?

“ What doth my stately form avail ?

“ My crest erect, my pompous tail ?

“ While these my notes, if notes they be,

“ Applause can never draw to me.

“ My voice, which you can hardly bear,

“ Is harsh to ev’ry human ear.

“ The nightingale, a puny bird,

“ Is with uncommon pleasure heard :

“ And must your close attendant then,

“ By notes yield no delight to men ?”

Juno, with this complaint surpris’d,

Submission to his fate advis’d.

Is't not enough that you to me
Distinguish'd as a fav'rite be?
To be so splendidly attir'd;
So universally admir'd;
That by your beauty you secure
Man's favour and protection sure?

1. Whence is't, *Mæcenæ*, said of old
Flaccus the elegant and bold,
That searching any country round,
Scarce one in fifty can be found,
Who, when his neighbour's lot is known,
Likes it not better than his own.
The mariner, depriv'd of day,
And toss'd in *Biscay*'s restless bay,
Applauds the soldier's better life,
Who, tho' at times in feats of strife
Involv'd, lies quickly on the ground
A corse, or is with laurel crown'd.
This, in his turn, when grey with years,
Cries, sailors, tho' they have their fears,

Acquire

Acquire in time what may suffice
To set them in old age at ease.
For this, must we arraign the mind;
Or can we causes outward find?
Is't in our frame a vitiation;
Or are we led by fascination?
Appearances external draw
Our eyes, as by magnetic law.
What's good in others lot is known,
We feel the evils of our own.
Exchange of states would quickly shew
The evils which attend the two.
While thus we different states envy,
We still to censure open lie.
We wish a change, and good it were
A change were all; we stop not here:
But would, while others good we crave,
Keep, like the Peacock, what we have.
What's not our own, we're apt to prize,
Thus emulation takes its rise.
My neighbour's house is such as mine,
And so far neither can repine.

But he in furniture excels,

Hence envious emulation swells.

His mirrors, tap'stry, paintings are

To mine in worth superior far.

"Why get the same, and the disease

"Of course is cur'd, and you at ease."

How cur'd?—As dropfy-patients by

Devouring water till they die.

"Hath no *arcanum* yet been tried

"For envy, vanity and pride?

"Some bedlamites we know to be

"Doom'd to insanability.

"But of those men whom *Fortune* kind

"Hath nor with chains nor bolts confin'd,

"Who daily walk in open air,

"In life who figure, and who are

"Employ'd each in his proper line,

"Nay, whom with science arts refine,

"Of honours who the badges wear,

"Who characters of wisdom bear,

"The cases, with due observation,

"May well admit of palliation."

Forgive

Forgive me, Sir, of all we see
No cases can more desperate be
Than those of patients, who are found
To think their constitutions found.

FORSAKE not Nature, there you'll find
The best specific for the mind.
Give me the Peasant who attends
To what this *Pythia* recommends;
Who plows with care and sows his fields;
Who reaps what liberal Nature yields.
Vain *Pride* ne'er reach'd his honest heart;
There *Envy* never aim'd her dart.
True, *Emulation* there is found,
Who best can fatten barren ground.
His manners, simple as his life,
Lead not to enmity or strife.
Thus Nature points the way to wealth,
To pleasure rational and health.
So have we heard from fame of old,
By no mean bard it hath been told:

If

If time permit, your ear incline ;
The tale is short and none of mine.

NEAR where *Tarentum* rears her tow'rs,*
Where deep *Galefus* winding pours
His waters thro' OEbalian lands,
Slow gliding o'er his golden sands,
An old Corycian swain I knew,
Poor were his fields, his acres few :
For vines unfit, for pasture these,
Unfit by tillage corns to raise :
Yet interspers'd with shrubs, I found
Fair flow'rs and pot-herbs grace his ground.
From this returning late, a store
Of wholesome fruits, he homewards bore.
No royal table could afford
Food more salubrious than his board.
What genuine relish yields the fare
Rais'd by our industry and care !
In autumn apples, and in spring
The rose so early none could bring.

When

* Virg. Georg. iv..

When winter rent the rocks, and when
Keen frosts the rivers did restrain,
Even then he prun'd the bearfoot's growth,
As if accusing spring of sloth.
Of all the swains, none more than he
Reap'd early fruits of industry.
From waxen cells, the balmy dew
Of bees, than he none earlier drew.
His limes arrang'd, and lofty pines,
With judgment to protect his vines.
What blossoms had appear'd in spring,
Fail'd not in autumn fruits to bring.
Wild pears, tho' scraggy and austere,
By grafts corrected were and care ;
From heats were screen'd by elms in rows,
As far as art could these dispose.
His planes their ample shade did lend
To chearful friends below conven'd.

When winter came the rocks, and when
 keen frosts the rivers did restrain,
 Even then he found the beech's growth,
 As it became more of itself,
 Of all the trees none more than he
 kept'd early fruits of industry.
 From waxen cells the honey dew
 Of bees, than he more earlier drew,
 His honey and his honey
 With judgment to protect his vines,
 What blossoms had appear'd in spring
 Told not in autumn fruits to bring.
 Wild bees, tho' frisky and saucy,
 By grains corrected were and care;
 From bees were learn'd by elms in rows,
 As far as art could their disposal.

F A B L E XXIV.

The DOG and his MASTER.

A DOG of merit much approv'd,
 By huntsmen cherish'd and belov'd,
 To bolder sports who early bred,
 The pack with honour long had led :
 And, tho' he still retain'd desire,
 Age had his vigour check'd and fire.
 Our Dog had by the shoulder caught
 A deer, of ample size and fat ;
 But forc'd, however keen and bold,
 From want of teeth to quit his hold ;
 He lost, so doubtful is success,
 The prey, but by no fault of his.
 Enrag'd his Master came, and bent
 On more than equal punishment,
 His servants order'd to surround
 And beat the meritorious hound.
 It was, says he with blows oppress'd,
 Not thus, when vigour I possess'd ;

When

When game with art and care I sought,
 And with much toil to thee I brought;
 When many a well run chase I led,
 Me then you lov'd, carefs'd and fed.
 Since young, my strength I did not spare,
 Worn out, I well deserve your care.
 But merciless you beat me now,
 For what exceeds my pow'r to do.

IN loadstones iron attraction finds,
 So do in interest human minds.
 Mean you your virtue to secure,
 Avoid with care this gilded lure.
 " As moralist you recommend
 " To interest never to attend :
 " Which doctrine, should an Angel preach,
 " Beyond the ear will never reach,"
 I own the justness of the charge :
 Take then my argument at large.

THE instinct is of ev'ry creature,*
 In other words, the law of Nature.

Without

* Inferior animals.

Without the use of reason they
 These natural impulses obey.
 By the same law then, may not man
 Pursue his interest as he can?—
 As ships the wind directs and tide,
 Our course let passions ever guide.
 These pilots sure by Nature given,
 This pow'r magnetic sent from Heaven.—
 So have some modern authors, fraught
 With much ingenious logic, taught
 But while *Truth's* phantom leads the way,
 In *Error's* paths we often stray ; *
 In deep deceptions oft are found,
 Even while we think our reason found.
 Nor would my prudery make me shy
 To draw examples from a fly :
 The meanest insect hints may give,
 By which we ought ourselves to live.
 Instinctive Nature man may teach
 A simpler moral state to reach :
 May shew that interest ought to lie
 Remote from friendship's sacred tie ;

N

That

* Decipimur specie reſti.

Hor.

That mutual interest hath its use
 To strengthen friendship, not produce ;
 While this a groundwork ought to prove
 For acts reciprocal of love :
 That friendship's stock, in Nature's field,
 Of interest branches well may yield ;
 Which branches, were they roots, would be
 Productive of a rotten tree.
 Gregarious animals we know
 With warm affections oft to glow.
 They, in their various kinds allied,
 And by strong bonds of Nature tied,
 Adhere invariably together,
 Nor hope for favours from each other.
 No guile, no arts insidious fear ;
 With them attachments are sincere.
 Not so with man, whose mind is found
 With motives selfish to abound :
 No passion pure, where such obtain,
 Nor uncorrupted can remain.
 Instinct is, without fordid lures,
 A basis firmer far than ours

For friendship. Friendship ought to be
From ev'ry selfish motive free.
Yet we attachments seldom fix,
Unless where such inducements mix.
My interest then let me pursue
As animals inferior do :
That is, it ever ought to lie
Nowhere but in my industry ;
Ought not on others to depend,
Nor on this bottom I their friend :
Withdraw their pow'rs to serve me, I
Will feel affection likewise die.
Let industry her profits bring ;
From Nature friendship ought to spring.
A horse, at large, the country round
Will search where food is to be found ;
He asks no friend his aid to lend,
On his own pow'rs he'll still depend.
This animal yet often we
With strong affection smitten see ;
Which from no art nor bribe proceeds,
Which Nature's fuel only feeds.

This we, without reserve, may call
Disinterested friendship all.

BUT shall Philosophy her rules
From brutes deduce ; make them her schools ?
For one good lesson taught, shall we
To them enslav'd as scholars be ?
Since them instinctive motives lead ;
By passions push'd must we proceed ?
If so, this truth, nor think I dream,
Believe as from the Pythian Dame ;
When by each nod of passions we
Man's conduct shall directed see,
When to their call an ear we lend,
Then social intercourse shall end.
But to conclude as we began,
We may declare concerning Man,
That he is nowise surer led
Than when with hopes of interest fed ;
Which, when admitted in the mind,
1. Exclude the passions more refin'd.

F A B L E XXV.

The Fox and the Goat.

A Fox, from huntsmen just escap'd,
 Down to a well impatient leap'd :
 Forgot, so great his haste, to think
 How he again should reach the brink.
 His thirst at leisure quench'd, he now
 Took of his prison a review.
 Again he vaulted and again ;
 But these exertions proving vain,
 He in despair began to doubt
 Whether he ever should get out :
 When turning round, a Goat he spied,
 Who wishfully look'd down and cried,
 Pray, is the water sweet ? For I,
 With heat and thirst, am like to die :
 And drink I never could abide,
 If not the best.—The Fox replied ;

Believe

Believe me, as I am a sinner, *
 I, in my life, ne'er tasted finer.
 This well appears by much to be,
 Observes the Goat, too deep for me.
 The Fox then, like to split his sides,
 The Goat's timidity derides ;
 And laughing loud, cries with a sneer,
 A Goat afraid this height to clear !
 A Goat, whose pleasure is to rise,
 On rocks tremendous, to the skies :
 I would not for a kingdom go
 Where Goats delight themselves to show.
 The Goat thus gull'd, no longer stopt,
 But to the bottom quickly dropt.
 Her fly companion watch'd his time,
 And from her back sprung to the brim :
 From which, the Goat with ridicule
 He treated as a simple fool.

Look round the world, how few we see
 Of mankind, from ambition free ?

* A proverbial saying in some parts of Britain.

As cork in water upwards flies,
 We naturally incline to rise.
 Why should we not?—Sure ev'ry man
 May wish to figure as he can.
 The means are various, as we find
 The passions are which rule the mind.
 Some temperaments to honours take ;
 A lure to others riches make.
 To rise by works of genius, some
 With strong desires are overcome ;
 That on the wings of *Fame*, they may
 Their names to future times convey.
 But no man ought to rise, or boast
 Of success at another's cost.
 Th' ambitious man we see with labour,
 To rise in rank, supplant his neighbour.
 We sometimes friendship's sacred ties
 See *Avarice* meanly sacrifice.
 Even Authors, monumental praise
 On foreign bottoms often raise.
 Affections warm, unshaken faith,
 A mind serene, unmov'd by wrath,

Inflexible

Inflexible in honour's cause ;
 Which scorns to cringe for mean applause,
 Nor, when impending dangers call,
 A patriot victim dreads to fall :
 What man these virtues recommend,
 Secure him as a bosom friend.
 Where can we to a straiten'd mind
 More certain relaxation find,
 Than friends on whom we can rely
 These mental fetters to untie ?
 To the reproach of human kind,
 The selfish, sordid, subtle mind
 Hath oft been known to over-reach
 A mind of worth superior, which
 With liberal openness pursues
 Its more enlarg'd and nobler views.

SHORT-SIGHTED Man gains nothing by
 Claims to infallibility.
Nature, in her amazing plan,
 Made error incident to Man.

Our faults, without reserve to own,
That mankind is to error prone,
To rectitude is often blind,
Characterise the liberal mind.
But carefully the man avoid,
Who, having err'd, his error wou'd,
Regardless of his trusty friend,
At his expence and peril mend.

F A B L E

Our hearts, without reserve to own

That which is to our mind

is not the same

Our hearts the liberal mind

But curiously the heart would

And, having said, the error would

is not the same

is not the same

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F A B L E XXVI.

The LION and the BULLS.

FOUR Bulls, whom foes had often storm'd,
An intimate alliance form'd ;

Agreed, without a code of laws,
Each to support the common cause.

A Lion, who, with empty maw,

This new association saw ;

No opportunity could catch,

A Bull was ever on the watch,

Who rous'd, when dreading hostile arms,

The brotherhood with fit alarms.

Thus they, while firm in this alliance,

Set all the forest at defiance.

But minds insidious oft obtain

By wiles, what force attempts in vain.

The Bulls, when singly led astray,

Fell to the Lion's arts a prey.

O

FROM

FROM social life whether the measure
 Of profit greater be or pleasure,
 How nearly these two are allied,
 Is left to others to decide.
 Friendships we ever feel increase,
 The more impending dangers press.
 Remove the dangers, and apace
 Social affections yield their place :
 The baser passions boldly rise,
 Possess the soul and tyrannize.
 The Persian Monarch, quitting ease,
 With hostile millions threat'ning *Greece*,
 A mean retreat was fain to find,
 From little Grecian states combin'd.
 But these same states, in peace profound,
 With success, honour, glory crown'd,
 Soon felt, what states must ever find,
 The common fate of human kind ;
 Soon hasten'd to their own perdition,
 Enslav'd by envy, pride, ambition :
 And *Greece*, neglecting Nature's laws,
 On *Greece* aveng'd the Persian cause ;

Did

Did more, in shedding Grecian blood,
Than Persian millions ever cou'd.

No blessing more substantial is
In life, than social happiness.
Why Man should not enjoy it more,
The more he hath it in his pow'r ;
Why be subjected and a prey
To domineering passions ; why
In evils by himself involv'd,
Remains a problem unresolv'd.

O

F A B L E

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F A B L E XXVII.

The MOUNTAIN in Labour.

WITH mountains young a mountain
teem'd,

Or so to neighbours round it seem'd ;

For swelling to enormous size

It soon set up tremendous cries.

With terror struck the neighbourhood

Encircl'd at a distance stood.

In expectation, doubt and fear,

They long remain'd impatient there.

1. Some, with conjectures new and bold,

Pretending Nature to unfold.

“ Vulcanos, say some Authors grave,

“ Like mankind, ardent fevers have.

“ Hills of terrestrial parts a store

“ Consist ; and woman is no more :

O 2

“ And

“ And if in those hard rocks abound,
 “ Here corresponding bones are found.
 “ May they not then, as well as she,
 “ Made big by impregnation be ?
 “ The earth itself, for ought we know,
 “ Ten thousand years may pregnant go ;
 “ May, in due time, by natural births,
 “ Deliver’d be of infant earths.”

Another thus :—“ Believe me you

“ Nor groanings hear, nor mountain view.
 “ Nay, when you think you fully dine,
 “ You taste nor pudding, beef nor wine.
 “ True, of ideas you your share
 “ Enjoy, but matter is not there.
 “ Were one immur’d, were you and I
 “ Condemn’d by hunger thus to die,
 “ Since *Nature* can no substance bring,
 “ Since mere *Idea* is the thing,
 “ We’d not to hunger fall a prey,
 “ We’d dine on turtle ev’ry day ;
 “ At ten years end plump from our cell
 “ Would walk, and of good eating tell.”

Thus,

Thus, while the Mountain from her pains
 Some moments relaxation gains,
 The people, variously employ'd,
 Each other's intercourse enjoy'd.
 In speculations some sublime,
 Like *Milton's* devils, pass the time.
 At length the Mountain's throws produce,
 And labour hard, a wretched mouse.

AN house presents, when curious I
 Walk in, the order there to spy :
 And in the vestibule around
 See much magnificence abound.
 Here lofty columns strike the eyes ;
 There busts and bold relievos rise ;
 Our wonder *Venus* there commands ;
 Holding his lyre here *Pæan* stands.
 With swelling hopes, which fancy feed,
 I pregnant to the rooms proceed.
 But there a general meanness reigns ;
 Small windows, disproportion'd panes,

Low roofs, and chimneys gaping wide
 Throw back the smoke from ev'ry side.
 What architecture here! I cry,
 And from the house disgusted fly.
 From like defects we rarely see
 A human action wholly free.

2. We hope for order more complete
 Beyond this fluctuating state:
 But universal fitness is
 At no time to be found in this.
 Our minds with flatt'ring hopes abound
 Of fortune seldom to be found.
 Tho' we our utmost efforts join,
 Physician, Lawyer or Divine,
 To please, and satisfaction give
 To those who in our circle live,
 We find, each in our proper sphere,
 Cause of regret, disgust and fear.

Few characters are known to be
 From inconsistencies so free,

So

So harmoniz'd, as not to show
 Their oppositions, high and low.
 These contrasts to complete, the mind
 Is with the body aptly join'd.
 In *Phormio's* attitudes, his mien
 And dress, what elegance is seen?
 His movements, with what graceful air
 What courteous manners to the fair!
 We hope a corresponding mind
 In this high finish'd form to find:
 But soon a void discover there;
 Nor are these disappointments rare.
Trebellio's manners, make and air
 To *Phormio's* not inferior are;
 To which he judgment adds and wit
 For decent conversation fit:
 But such a miser is, that he
 Trembles a visitor to see;
 And in the year for one day's feast,
 Starves penitential all the rest.
 In authors too we oft complain
 Of outsets flashy, bold and vain,

Of prefatory bills of fare,
Which promise dishes rich and rare ;
And yet which guests can hardly keep
From yawning, nodding, dreaming, sleep.
Not so the bard, whose native fire
Tho' equal to *Pelides'* ire,
Yet, of the arduous task afraid,
Who humbly begg'd celestial aid.

To sink with art and judgment join'd,
But not from barrenness of mind,
Belongs to those alone who share
Apollo's fire, and are his care.
We see a falcon from the clouds
Dart to the earth, or skim the floods,
Sport with his art and vigour, when
He rising sweeps the clouds again.
So *Maro* seems, at times, to nod,
As if deserted by the God ;
A sure presage he means to rise,
With rapid flight, and reach the skies.

In

In numbers *Flaccus* hardly flows
 Sometimes, and veers almost to prose :
 But gives you soon to understand
 He all *Parnassus* can command.
 He teaches rules, unknown before,
 The mind's recesses to explore :
 Lays open, slyly and with art,
 Your faults, and plays about your heart.
 You conscious, list'ning all the while,
 Admit correction with a smile *.
 As ostriches which, tho' they ply
 Their wings, are never seen to fly ;
 So *Silius*, panting on the ground,
 Unknown to soar, is ever found.
 See *Statius*, on a lab'ring wing,
 Attempts in vain aloft to spring ;
 Nor dares he stoop to touch the plain,
 Lest he should never rise again.

WHILE

* Omne vafer vitium, ridente Flaccus amico,
 Tangit et admissus circum præcordia ludit. *Perf.*

WHILE I with strictures others ply,
 Perhaps I no less open lie
 To censure ; but who treats me so
 Forbid that I should deem my foe.

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F A B L E XXVIII.

The Ass in Disguise.

AN Ass, who from the manners mean
 Of asses had contracted spleen;
 Whether from greater mind or vigour,
 Long'd in some active sphere to figure.
 At length, by chance, a lion's skin
 He found, and dress'd himself therein.
 With royal robes, no more an Ass,
 He for the king of beasts would pass.
 Transported with his new disguise,
 He thro' the wood impatient flies;
 An universal terror spreads,
 His form the boldest lion dreads.
 The beasts had, since they beasts had been,
 The like hobgoblin never seen.

Of

Of these he clear'd the forest ; when,
 In issuing briskly to the plain,
 His master unforeseen appears,
 Who knew his voice and length of ears ;
 And taught, by punishment condign,
 His Ass a palinode to sing.

FICTITIOUS characters are found
 To thrive like weeds in ev'ry ground.
 The beardless military beau
 Wears badges less for use than show.
 The sword, cockade and epaulette
 With fancied courage stimulate :
 He feels, with these when pertly dress'd,
 An *ignis fatuus* in his breast.
 These outward ornaments inspire
 Imaginary martial fire ;
 Of brav'ry thinks himself possess'd ;
 Doubts not it stands to all confess'd ;
 Till in the field, unseen before,
 He hear tremendous thunders roar,

See

See meritorious files around,
 Pale and expiring on the ground.
 'Tis then by sad experience shown,
 He to himself had been unknown.
 Who would thro' life, however short,
 A decent character support,
 Nor that unworthily would lose,
 Ought long to balance ere he chuse :
 Left, after trial, he for it
 His mind reluctant find unfit.
 Whereas, if well advis'd, he may
 Be honour'd in another way.
 The timid soldier well might shine
 A merchant, lawyer or divine :
 Good qualities may still prevail
 In him, tho' martial courage fail.
 The man, who dreads the din of war,
 May thunder safely at the bar ;
 Or may, while in his church he stands,
 And crowds his eloquence commands,
 With pulpit fire, well levell'd, make
 The boldest of his audience quake.

P

1. *Marino,*

1. *Marino*, who, where billows roll
Expos'd, his fears could ne'er control,
Might, tho' his heart be not in steel,
An *Æsculapius* pulses feel.

F A B L E

F A B L E XXIX.

JUPITER *and the* CAMEL.

A CAMEL discontented made
 To *Jove* his plaintive suit, and said,
 My fate how hard!—Defenceless I
 Am left to other beasts a prey.
 The bull hath horns, the lion paws
 For vengeance and tremendous jaws,
 Which, when he doth in wrath unfold,
 Who, without trembling, can behold.
 Let me have arms then, that I may
 Be as respectable as they.
 I now, says *Jove*, since this you crave,
 Take from you part of what you have.
 Then cropt the Camel's ears, to show
 He decent manners ought to know.

'TWERE good that ill directed pray'r
Were or unsaid, or lost in air.
What forms diversified are given
Of pray'r, and all address'd to heaven?
Two nations are at war together,
Each ardent to undo the other;
Both applications make by pray'r,
And of all kinds the most sincere,
With ev'ry thought which passion warms,
That success may attend their arms;
That they Heaven's friendship may enjoy;
That is, their en'mies may destroy.
Did now these bold petitions meet
With favour and returns complete;
Mankind, who seldom long agree,
Would soon exterminated be.
Search man from pole to pole, how few
Know their own good, or known pursue?
So whimsical our hopes and fears,
That little in our life appears
So well concerted and begun,
But soon we wish again undone.

Must

Must it remain then that our will
 Should in suspense 'twixt good and ill
 Be held, and, in the self same line,
 Nor this should wish, nor that decline?
 My counsel take; to One above
 Commit yourself, and quietly move.
 In him confide for what you want,
 And what sufficeth he will grant.
 But that the priest his tithe may gain,
 That altars be not rear'd in vain,
 With instituted rites comply,
 Nor vows to pay, when call'd, deny.
 Pray then, but be your pray'rs confin'd
 To health of body and of mind:
 Pray for a soul death to defy,
 Which counts it Nature's gift to die,
 Which can, with fortitude, sustain
 What toils the *Fates* to thee ordain;
 Which knows not anger; which desires
 With moderation, and admires;
 Which labours of *Alcides* please
 More than the Persian Monarch's ease.

Thus sung one Satirist * of old,
We thus are by another † told.

WHAT think you, friend, is most my care?
Or what the subject of my pray'r?
Be my estate as now, or less,
'Twill still suffice for happiness:
And grant, if Heaven more years shall give,
I to myself that time may live.
To shun suspense 'twixt hope and fear,
May books and food be for a year
In store.—For these things only pray
From *Jove*, who gives and takes away.
If he but life and plenty find,
I'll answer for an happy mind.

* Juvenal.

† Horace.

F A B L E

F A B L E XXX.

The TRAVELLERS and the BEAR.

AS thro' a wood, where beasts of prey
 With thickets hid, in ambush lay,
 Two Friends their tedious way pursue,
 And ev'ry bush attentive view :
 Resolv'd, as long as life remain'd,
 Each other boldly to defend.
 As on they went, a Bear they spy
 Which, hollow growling, straight drew nigh.
 Afraid the younger rapid flies ;
 Prone on the earth the other lies.
 This without life pretends to be,
 While that finds safety on a tree.
 The Bear the elder round and round
 Nuzzl'd, and left him as he found.
 Now from the tree his friend descends,
 The danger o'er, and quickly lends
 His hand to raise him from the ground,
 Whom faint and just alive he found.

I thank the Gods I see you well,
Says he, I trembl'd when you fell.

To me life could no longer be
Of use, were I depriv'd of thee.

But tell me pray, what said the Bear;
For much he whisper'd in your ear?

“ He told no lie, and taught me too

“ To trust no friend so false as you.”

To wish no friendships, to enjoy
No pleasure in them, to destroy
Those form'd by others, mark a mind
More of the Bear than human kind.

As what of natural things excite,
When in perfection most delight;
These, to corruption tending, must
Provoke proportional disgust.

Of duties thus, whate'er their kind,
None more support or sooth the mind
Than friendship in the furnace found
Of adverse fate, sincere and found.

But if to air, thus tried, it turn,

I Our minds feel helpless and forlorn.

F A B L E XXXI.

The Two Pots.

WHILE floods of rain, by winds impell'd,
 Laid waste the fields, the rivers swell'd;
 Two Pots, the one of brass, the other
 Of earth, swam down the stream together.
 This trembling cries, how much I fear
 To see a brazen pot so near!
 Be at your ease, returns his friend,
 No evil, trust me, I intend.
 Tho' your intentions friendly be,
 Replies the Pot of earth, to me;
 Tho' violence be unknown to you,
 The smallest touch would me undo.

Who life with pleasure would enjoy,
 Who social duties would employ
 To

To the best purposes, nor pow'r
Oppressive with its ills endure,
Ought to avoid the pomp and state
Of neighbours haughty, rich or great.
My villa mean, my acres few,
His Grace's castle, full in view,
O'ertops ; his walls, extended wide,
Confine my views on ev'ry side :
And though no ill be meant to me,
With equals still I'd better be :
With whom, without reserve, I cou'd
Meet, and consult our mutual good.
No cringing, no restriction then
Our native manners should constrain,
In loss our sympathy would share ;
In works reciprocal our care,
In building, tillage, gard'ning, bees,
In rearing cattle, corns and trees.
We'd find, with walking tir'd and heat,
Beneath the branching plane, a seat ;
There tell, while *Nature's* beauties lie
Expanded to the feasting eye,

Of

Of dire disasters from afar,
Of shipwrecks, of destructive war :
Of state convulsions, of what can
Flow from the restless mind of man.
With feeling hearts, we'd then regret
That such should be the human state.
Thus let the man his time employ,
Who would with pleasure life enjoy.

F A B L E

Of dire disasters from afar,
Of shipwrecks, of destructive war;
Of dire convulsions, of what can
Flow from the reckless mind of man,
With feeling hearts, we'd then regret
That rich should be the human state.

Thus let the man his time employ
Who would with pleasure life enjoy.

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F A B L E XXXII.

The CROW and the PITCHER.

A THIRSTY Crow a Pitcher spies,
 To which with eagerness he flies ;
 But finds the water from the brink
 More distant than to yield him drink ;
 Nor hopes he it, tho' much he strain,
 Without the risk of life, to gain.
 He next, while thus his vitals burn,
 Resolves the whole to overturn.
 For which, efforts and art he tries ;
 But neither this nor those suffice.
 Had this not been a Crow of spirit,
 Of prudence and inventive merit,
 Disgusted he'd have chang'd his ground,
 And left the Pitcher as he found.
 The patient and sagacious mind
 Resources seldom fails to find.

He pebbles pick'd of such a size
As fited best his enterprize ;
By these the water duly rais'd
He drank, and quaff'd it as he pleas'd.

OF those who in the fane of *Fame*
Conspicuous stations dare to claim,
We chiefly ought respect to shew
To those who liberal arts pursue ;
To those whose minds prolific can
Turn all things to the use of man.

1. Thus solar rays, than which by Heaven
No greater blessing hath been given,
The fam'd Sicilian could employ
An en'my's navy to destroy.
2. What numbers have the ocean brav'd,
And by magnetic pow'r been sav'd !
Ere which the navigator was
Conducted by uncertain laws :
Bewilder'd then in doubt was lost,
When distant from his fav'rite coast.

Happy

Happy those fruitful pow'rs of mind
Which ev'ry where materials find ;
From which suggestions quickly flow,
As from the pebbles to the Crow.
Hail thou who, in these later days,
Our admiration claim'st and praise ;
Nature's interpreter divine,
Whose secrets to disclose was thine :
Who, from one universal cause,
Of spheres th' œconomy and laws
Didst trace, and shew superior care
Admits no fatal atoms there.
Hail thou whose happy genius found
Relations new * 'twixt light and sound :
Ere this you taught, no man could see
Or judge such harmony to be.
Fame shall to latest times your name
Transmit, and pow'rs of mind proclaim ;
Nor shall *Britannia's* annals be
Enrich'd by any more than thee.

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F A B L E

* New to Mankind.

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F A B L E XXXIII.

The TRAVELLER and the SATYR.

WHEN clouds with winter storms from
 Heaven,
 By *Boreas* were with fury driven ;
 When rivers frozen ceas'd to flow,
 And trees encrusted were in snow,
 A peasant fought, by break of day,
 With many a doubtful step, his way :
 He patient plodding thro' the wood,
 Pursu'd uncertain tracks and rude.
 A Satyr of a gentle mind
 He met, who, with expressions kind,
 Invites him to his cave ; and there,
 While he prepares his homely fare,
 Observes, as in the cave he stands,
 The Peasant breathing on his hands.

The end explain'd; he sees no harm,
 In breathing thus the hands to warm.
 These Satyrs, who themselves inure
 To cold, its rigours can endure.
 Broth from the fire he next bestows;
 On which his guest impatient blows.
 Surpris'd the Fawn;—"Is this a charm?
 "Or mean you thus your broth to warm?"
 I, while a child, not yet at school,
 Was taught, says he, thus food to cool.
 When two extremes from the same mouth
 Escape with ease, we doubt the truth,
 Replies the Fawn. I hate one who
 With the same breath can either blow.

THERE are who can, as times require,
 As envy, interest, pride inspire,
 With all th' extravagance of praise,
 Or characters at pleasure raise:
 Or, as we're told, the *Furies* do,
 With tainted breath can blast them too.

Minds.

Minds thus deceitful, though not rare,
 Thank Heaven, not universal are.
 But hear an evil worse than this,
 Which more to be lamented is.
 In children Nature's purest fire
 We see with pleasure and admire:
 There naked truth the thoughts confess,
 Unhid by meretricious dress.
 But soon their minds are taught to stray
 From Nature's plain and patent way;
 To talk of feelings, which no place
 Find in the heart; with much grimace
 To others complaisance to shew;
 To praise, where praise was never due.
 This we call manners.—“What are these?”
 What whims of different nations please.
 What here are decent and polite,
 At *Pekin* laughter loud excite.
 By *Virtue's* principles we may
 Conduct ourselves, nor lose our way;
 May others please; applause may gain
 In *Nature's* paths direct and plain;

Untainted

Untainted view the world around
 With various modes grotesque abound;
 Spectators be, avoiding what
 Truth can or candour violate.
 But if in life commercial we
 Mean, or political to be;
 If thus we ardent long a part
 To act, and figure there with art,
 In vain we undertake the task,
 Unless we lurk behind a mask.

F A B L E

F A B L E XXXIV.

HERCULES *and the* CLOWN.

A CLUMSY driver, void of art,
 From inattention mires his cart.
 With features fix'd he staring stands,
 Nor force applies, nor moves his hands.
 To *Hercules* his prayer he made;
 Craves earnestly immediate aid.
 The God, tho' at a distance, heard,
 And quickly in a cloud appear'd.
 " Your utmost force, thou Clown, exert
 " To ease your horse and clear your cart.
 " Which failing, next with art pursue
 " What strength of body could not do.
 " But this remember, help from Heaven
 " Was never yet to sluggards given."

How

How much involv'd in evils we
 By sloth and indolence may be,
 What dire calamities may flow
 From these, examples daily show.
 He who applies to Heaven by prayer,
 These very evils to repair,
 To balance this his loss of time,
 Prays to support him in a crime.
 The merchant indolent and slow
 Forgets in time to sea to go;
 To winter storms expos'd, he cries,
 And Heaven with suits impatient plies;
 Repress the winds, ye pow'rs, and me
 From this impending danger free.
 I shall, if you these seas compose,
 My season never after lose.
 The lazy peasant's acres by
 Procrastination ruin'd lie.
 With him nor goodly fruits appear,
 Nor in due periods of the year.
 How can his labours produce bring,
 Whose winters are deferr'd till spring?

However

However sluggard, still he hopes
 That Heaven will send luxuriant crops.
 While we our labour due would save,
 It impious is success to crave.
 Yet we have swarms for ages seen,
 Who in religious sloth have been :
 Who wish, without their risk or loss,
 Of states the substance to engross :
 Whose constant wants the industry
 Of those who toil for life supply.
 “ But spare your strictures, Sir, we pray
 “ For mankind’s good ten times a day.”
 Then on your prayers, good souls, be fed ;
 Nor hang on others more for bread.
 Thus in the hive the lab’ring bee
 Still adding to the store we see ;
 To work inur’d, unknown to play,
 While drones hum idling all the day.

To action form’d the human mind
 May by exertion be refin’d ;

Kept

Kept in a state of health, and be

Thus fitted for society.

But to stagnation if it tend,

It soon will in corruption end.

F A B L E

F A B L E XXXV.

The STEER and the labouring Ox.

A WANTON Steer, who, or in play,
 Or rest or feeding spent the day,
 With much opprobrious language plies
 A meritorious Ox, and cries,
 Thou drudge, how meanly you comply
 With man's despotic tyranny?
 The plough you drag, you wear the yoke,
 With toil your native spirit broke.
 Assert your right, and learn, like me,
 Life to enjoy from slavery free.
 The Ox, by long experience tried,
 This heard with patience, nor replied.
 This Steer, in ease and fulness fed,
 At length was to the altar led:
 To which, as with the silent throng,
 He mov'd in solemn pomp along,

R

The

The Ox he spied, who thus,—My friend,
 Your pertness now is at an end.
 Your youthful petulance a while
 My life laborious could revile.
 By sad experience now you may
 Our state in a just balance weigh.
 Your fatness fits you for the knife;
 My constant toil secures my life.

WHAT ranks of life or greater pain
 Produce, or pleasure; what restrain
 Our passions wild; what cherish those
 Which social happiness compose,
 Hath been contested; is so still;
 And down thro' future ages will.
 Youth, who in affluence bred and ease,
 Whose only law is what they please,
 On dainties in profusion fed,
 Despise the man who toils for bread.
 These hold life's happiness to lie
 In riches, mirth and pageantry:

Nor

Nor can they see, in this their spring,
What evils such a life may bring.

Acasto, who had spent his days
In fulness and luxurious ease,
Devouring daily at his board
Whatever Nature's stores afford,
Was found, (for so he could contrive,)
Stricken in years at forty-five.

His vassal *Demas* came to pay
His quitrent on the annual day.

Acasto young this *Demas* knew
When straining at the wain and plough :
Thought one from labour not exempt
An object just above contempt.

Demas admitted found his Lord
From racking pains to ease restor'd :

An interval of ease, which he
Knew not how long or short might be.

Close by a fire he sat, and there
In pillows sunk and easy chair.

His turgid limbs, expos'd to show,
A stool and cushion press'd below.

R 2

“Thou,

“ Thou, *Demas*, twenty years beyond

“ My age, a constitution found

“ Enjoyst : while I am doom’d a prey

“ To gout, which art cannot allay.

“ What plan of life, what course do you,

“ Such vigour to acquire, pursue ?”

No art I use, says he, but I

A stranger am to luxury.

My nerves have been, since I was young,

By exercise and labour strung :

By labour such as that, when you

Me saw or at the wain or plough.

By this my sleeps at nights are sound ;

My mind possess’d of peace profound.

My cows to me of simple fare

• And garden yield the greater share.

If at a time, when spirits flow,

Forgetful I to excess go ;

Of this I dread not the effects ;

For these my labour soon corrects.

This life I to my warmest friend,

Nor can I better, recommend.

F A B L E

F A B L E XXXVI.

The Fox who lost his Tail.

A Fox, who, tho' a Fox of parts,
 For once unhappy in his arts,
 As politicians sometimes fail,
 Was in a trap caught by the tail.
 Exertions to get loose were vain ;
 So life to save, he left his train.
 At heart for this disaster vex'd ;
 With pain and loss and shame perplex'd ;
 How to proceed in doubt was lost,
 And in a sea of troubles tofs'd.
 At length determin'd, if he cou'd,
 To call the Foxes of the wood.
 This done, he represents at large,
 That tails are a superfluous charge :
 An useless load impos'd by Nature
 On Foxes more than any creature :

That by their length and weight a prey
 They fell to en'mies ev'ry day.
 Thus by fly ratiocination,
 Set off with high wrought declamation,
 He shew'd, were reason but to steer
 Their minds, no Fox the load would bear.
 The youth, whom fashion never fails
 To catch, resolve to crop their tails :
 When an old Stager from behind,
 Rose slowly up to tell his mind.
 This blade, says he, may tweak my nose,
 When I, like him, my tail shall lose.

THIS allegorical relation
 Admits a threefold application.

1. FIRST my misfortunes less are felt,
 To others when the like are dealt.
 Yet of our evils, why should thine
 Alleviation bring to mine ?
 Besides your sympathy, must you
 Be, for my ease, a sufferer too ?

Need

Need we a conj'rer to make out
 A full solution of the doubt?
 What evils we with shame connect,
 What draw contempt or sink respect,
 Whose fate is singly these to share,
 The public notice centers there :
 But more divided is, when we
 Ills ignominious common see.

2. YOUTH, who to each allurements ply,
 To machinations open lie,
 Who slaves to fashion, whim and show,
 For these who ev'ry good forego,
 When, mov'd by interest, flatt'ers lay
 Their snares, become an easy prey.
 In vain to those the prudent preach,
 Whom riper years alone can teach.

3. WISE *Age*, with care and caution fraught,
 By long and dear experience taught,
 With prudence fortifies the mind
 'Gainst en'mies of th' insidious kind.

F A B L E XXXVII.

The OLD MAN and DEATH.

A MAN, whose age of evils was,
 With indigence and toil, the cause,
 Returning slowly from the wood,
 Now stopt, complain'd and moan'd aloud.
 Of wither'd chips for fire a store
 He on his tottering shoulders bore.
 With mincing steps, he tried again
 To reach his cottage ; still in vain.
 O'ercome and faint, he straight unbound
 His load, and laid it on the ground.
 " Come, *Death*, this life, since it to mend
 " Exceeds my pow'r, 'tis yours to end."—
 Scarce said ; when unexpected he
 Appear'd in dread solemnity.
 Say *what you wish*.—That you this pack
 Would lay convenient on my back.

OF

OF natural evils, in their course,
Such is on human minds the force,
That oft o'erpower'd we hear one cry,
Rather than bear them, let me die.
In health, *Death's* evils none can know :
Few at a distance dread a foe.
Sempronia in her prime and gay,
Immers'd in pleasures ev'ry day ;
Of beauty, riches, wit possess'd,
By crowds of lovers was address'd.
But who can boast that pleasures flow
Uninterrupted here ? Or who
Can earthly happiness enjoy,
Or lasting, or without alloy ?
She, after much effort and cost,
Her fortune in a law-suit lost.
In tears she now and loud complaints
This sad reverse of fate laments.
How welcome death to me, she cries,
Would be !—How happy she who dies,
Ere thus from youthful pleasures torn,
Ere thus deserted and forlorn !

See

See next *Sempronia* sick in bed ;
Death's terrors hanging o'er her head.
 Her symptoms with her fears combine
 For both Physician and Divine.
 Their help she begs, and utmost care ;
 By med'cine that, and this by pray'r ;
 Each seriously her case to rate,
 And save her from impending fate.
 To health with much ado restor'd,
Death's aid she never more implor'd.

1. Is such our fate then here, that we
 At no time can so wretched be,
 So sunk in misery and despair,
 As life to death not to prefer ?
 Shall *Cato*, *Brutus*, *Cassius* claim
 Applause ; or ought we them to blame ?
 Shall we 'gainst *Nature* bring a charge,
 Where *Zeno's* prudery rules at large ?
 Or can we safely here reside,
 Where false Philosophy with pride

Is

Is join'd? To man at first by Heaven

A social principle was given.

But man from social ties must be

Not ours, but *Nature's* right, to free.

Disgusts of life have oft been said,

And some have natural motives made,

Sufficient to exchange our state,

And, without grappling, yield to fate.

But motives who can lawful find,

Which flow from a distemper'd mind?

And such unsound we may declare,

By which Heaven's favours hated are.

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F A B L E XXXVIII.

The MISER.

A MISER, who a treasure had
 By long and anxious labour made,
 Suspicious and in constant fear
 Of servants, friends and neighbours near ;
 Starts at the stir of ev'ry mouse,
 Trembling while gold is in his house :
 Resolves to lodge it under ground,
 Could a convenient spot be found.
 This done, he next a daily view
 Considers as a duty due.
 But one, who saw him o'er the hole
 Feasting his eyes, the treasure stole.
 Not doubting but his gold remain'd,
 One night's sound sleep he still obtain'd :
 And then perhaps he never more
 Than in his dreams enjoy'd his store.

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Next

Next day, to the enchanted ground
 He hasten'd; but no treasure found.
 He frantic rav'd; and, in despair,
 His bosom beat, and tore his hair.
 A neighbour thus: Sir, if you please,
 Yourself you to no purpose tease.
 A pebble, gilded toy, a shell;
 No matter what, will do as well.

PERHAPS we in society
 Worse members than the Miser see.
 He hoards his riches; feeds his eyes;
 For living on himself relies;
 Of property no man deprives;
 Attentive to himself, contrives
 How he his treasure may increase;
 Or what hath been withdrawn replace.
 If we of mankind take a view,
 Do they not to a man pursue
 Their pleasures; which are often found
 With evils baneful to abound?

And

And must I, says the Miser, then
Be rated worse than other men ?
Thus far the Miser tries to find
A vindication of its kind.
But still the character, as lame,
Cannot our approbation claim.
What virtues happiness denote
Of mind, and public good promote,
Which often prove their own reward,
Attract attention and regard.
He hopes in vain, who hopes to find
These virtues in a Miser's mind ;
Whose best affections pointed are
To useless wealth, and center there.
Who in his feelings callous grown,
Knows no man's interest but his own :
Will nor the naked clothe ; nor feed
The hungry, tho' in want of bread.

And thus I, the author, have written this

little book, which I have called

THE A. B. C. OF XENOPHON

A. B. C. OF XENOPHON

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XXXX [209] XXXIX.

The EAGLE, the CAT and the SOW.

A STATELY oak gave lodging to
 A Cat, an Eagle and a Sow.
 The Eagle kept the top ; the Sow
 The root ; the Cat between the two.
 These amicably had a while,
 Of life maintain'd a decent stile.
 When to her friend above, the Cat
 A visit paid : and waving chat
 Indifferent ; told with much concern,
 News which the Eagle ought to learn.
 Our worthy friend below, says she,
 Is hard at work to sap the tree :
 Intending, when she gets it down,
 With our dear tits to feast her own.
 This said : the Eagle in despair
 She left : and on a like affair

Intent ; she to the Sow descends.

How much, says she, are we in friends

Deceiv'd? Our happy neighbourhood

Productive seem'd of every good.

When we are out in quest of prey,

This Eagle means to bear away

Our darlings. Her I overheard,

While near her nest, and nothing fear'd,

Say to her brats, in language big,

I soon shall treat you with a pig.

Farewell : who knows, while I am here,

But she my innocents may tear?

Thus these two mothers, overcome

With fear, restrict themselves to home;

Or, hovering near it, hardly cou'd;

Provide themselves and young in food.

A FAMILY, if such there be,

From gossips persecution free,

We may, without reserve, declare

Heaven's fav'rites and peculiar care:

Say, and on a like strain

Say, Muse, for what offence at first
Was Mankind with these scourges curst.
For sacrilege, for breach of faith,
For murder, or whatever hath
Prov'd causes to make wretches feel
The gallies, gibbet or the wheel.
Who can in smooth and artful speech
On failings of their neighbours preach ;
Drop in your ear in whispers, how
Unfavourably they talk of you ;
Who fulsome on your virtues dwell,
While mole-hills they to mountains swell ;
Whose assiduities are shown
In ev'ry house more than their own ;
Who seeds of discord daily sow,
Whence crops of deadly poisons grow :
From such, nor look behind you, run,
As you the pestilence would shun.

F A B L E

Day, Male, for what offence in this
Was slain, and thus for ever
For sacrifice, for death of sin,
For murder, of whatever
Prove causes to make witness
The Galilee, gibbet of the world,
Who can in blood and
On stages of human
Drop in your ear in whisper
Unfavorably the truth of
Who follow on your virtuous
While more full to
Whole universe of
In every heart more than
Who feeds of bread daily
Whence drops of death
From such, nor look
As you the presence would
O that the world
Again the world be
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F A B L E XL.

The LION and the FROG.

EVEN they sometimes, whom Nature arms
With courage, yield to false alarms.

At ease a Lion on the ground
Was laid to rest; while all around
Was still; excepting humming bees,
And birds melodious on the trees.

A voice as of a monster near
Made even this beast heroic fear.

Unseen when objects and unknown,
The fancy these to swell is prone.

After a while his fears repress'd,
He laid himself again to rest.

Now balmy and refreshing sleep
O'er all his frame began to creep.

Again the hollow voice is heard;
Again his head he starting rear'd.

Whatever

Whatever danger here might be,
 He thinks it prudent now to flee :
 When, crawling from the fen, appears
 A Frog, the cause of all his fears.

WERE we the various ills to rate
 With which man's fortune is replete,
 We from the feelings of each mind,
 A partial estimate would find:
 And I my own, perhaps the least,
 Would hold as worse than all the rest.
 Vain fears, which in their nature are
 Perplexing, make an ample share
 Of evils. Fears with some are found
 From constitution to abound;
 In these th' imagination teems
 With vexing thoughts and anxious dreams.
 They pore, as thro' dark wilds they roam,
 On visionary ills to come:
 But fears with causes, which depend
 On temperament, we scarce can mend.

In

In former times, as story tells,
To witchcraft, apparitions, spells
The human mind enslav'd, was made
To priestcraft ductile; and was bred
From earliest infancy to fear,
Which prov'd a helm for priests to steer.
But now, in these our northern climes,
We boast of more enlighten'd times :
We of emancipation boast
From fears, which sprung from reason lost.
Now churchmen's purer doctrines teach
Vain fears to conquer ; and to reach
A state of rectitude and bless,
With hopes of better after this.
Fear as a natural passion, we
Ought to consider ; since we see
None more than this possess the mind
Of animals of ev'ry kind.
Nor is it difficult to know
To what extent it ought to go.
Self-preservation marks the line,
Which ought this passion to confine.

IN FORMER TIMES, AS THEY WERE, AND AS THEY ARE, IN THE

PRESENT TIMES, AND AS THEY WILL BE, IN THE FUTURE

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F A B L E XLI.

The BULL and the GOAT.

A BULL his limbs with vigour plies,
 While from a Lion's jaws he flies.
 With eager strides a well known cave
 He seeks, in hopes his life to save :
 Nor doubts the entry to defend,
 Tho' stoutest Lions should contend.
 The cave at length the Bull, in tides
 Of sweat, approach'd, and panting sides.
 But obstacles, unknown before,
 Present : a Goat possess'd the door.
 Admittance ask'd, but was denied
 With haughty air. The Bull replied :
 What deference Goats to Bulls should show,
 Were I not push'd, I'd let you know.

Who'd wish to weigh the state of man,
 Ought *Fortune's* caprices to scan.
 To riches, power and honour some
 We see without exertion come.

On *Fortune's* wings who soar are few :
But, deep repining, thousands who,
Through life, tho' lab'ring, still are found
Devoted victims on the ground.
A cross, and unforeseen event,
Which human pow'r cannot prevent,
Our state may change from sunshine bright
To sable clouds and storms of night.
When characters distinguish'd thus
From lofty stations fall ; let us
Not, as to ruthless vengeance prone,
The envious join to bear them down.
So *Bourbon* to his brother ; we
In deep distress *Britannia* see.
Since late our arms, tho' join'd, she brav'd ;
When from destruction sure she sav'd
Her sons ; tho' they ungrateful prove,
Tho' them no force of friendship move,
Concerns us not. Their cause our own
We'll make, to pull their mother down.
With them we'll drain her vital flood ;
Which by ourselves we never cou'd.

F A B L E

F A B L E XLII.

The SHEPHERD and his Dog.

A SHEPHERD, for his flock's defence,
 Lodg'd in his Dog full confidence.
 When at a distance had no fear;
 Thought all was safe when Tray was there.
 This Dog, tho' he a duty paid,
 For mutton a strong passion had.
 He flyly, as at nights awake,
 His opportunities would take:
 And if at times sheep disappear'd,
 He at the Fox's cost was clear'd.
 From long success he now became
 Less guarded; when vexatious *Fame*
 His reputation whisper'd down;
 First in the ear from clown to clown:
 Nor rested till the public had
 His arts depredatory made.

Tray saw it necessary now
To pay the debt to robbery due.
While round his neck the fatal cord
He bore, he thus accosts his Lord.
Why this severity to me
A friend, while ravenous wolves go free?
They open en'mies and at war,
Replies the Master, honest are;
Pretend no friendships vain to shew:
But as a friend a traitor you.

WHEN different evils we compare,
We find some problematic are;
Nor can we certainly conclude,
Which lies the most remote from good;
While some, which near the limits fall,
Are hardly evils deem'd at all.
But these, as not our present ground,
We leave to casuistry profound.
Suffice it that, in this our tale,
Are found two evils to prevail :
Than

Than which none mischief more have made ;
None more their baneful influence spread.
Here, under friendship's mask, the art
Of falshood and a rotten heart,
With evils which attendants are :
There open enmity and war.
They, who, from sentiments refin'd,
Can ill endure a double mind,
The former scarce will fail to view
The greater evil of the two.
The friend deceitful is abhorr'd ;
The Hero in the field ador'd.
Why things so constituted we
With man, tho' rational, should see,
That he this reason should employ
On means the surest to destroy
Mankind ; that he who can apply
These means the most successfully,
Should this a ladder find to fame,
And thus should eternize his name,
A riddle is. Who can may try
To find the key ; it is not I.

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F A B L E XLIII.

The LARK in the Fowler's Snare.

A LARK, whose morning serenade
 Oft travellers ears attracted had,
 And from the clouds, whose chearful lay
 Was known to usher in the day,
 The subtle arts of man untaught
 To shun, in Fowler's snare was caught.
 What is my crime?—What have I done?—
 She cries :—my conduct hath by none
 Been blam'd : and innocent must I
 Thus for a grain of barley die ?

Few subjects have in ev'ry age
 Been found in labours to engage
 The mind more than those which respect
 Laws human evils to correct.

The

The task is arduous, and with pain
Attended, often proving vain.
Hence comes the problem unresolv'd ;
What government is least involv'd
In evils?—'Tis not meant to make
Conjectures, far less undertake
Decisions here. Suffice it then
That no society of men
Hath yet been found, in which the poor
Are with the rich alike secure.
There laws due satisfaction crave ;
Connections here and interest save.
The poor man helpless and forlorn,
Too oft the butt of public scorn,
Must for offences punish'd be,
With greater while the rich go free.
Nature herself affords a plan
Far different from those laid by man.
The rich, the prudent, wise and good
Are oft harass'd with evils rude.
Nor innocence nor virtue pure
From gout and gravel can secure.

In

In slavery worthy men we see ;
In pleasure sons of vice and free.
A *Paschal* pains tormenting tease ;
A *Borgia* health enjoys and ease.
Thus *Nature* on one hand displays
Disorders, seen in various ways :
(For such they to the human eye
Seem, tho' with all our art we pry.)
And on the other, divine art
Oeconomizing ev'ry part.
A tooth, a finger, eye or ear
Design and wisdom make appear :
And all our frame if we compare,
What universal fitness there !
How can then, if so wide they be,
These contrarieties agree ?
1. This let the fam'd Athenian tell,
Who by the fatal hemlock fell.
In nature I such order find,
As proves an universal mind ;
Whose being human thought confounds ;
Whose pow'r and wisdom know no bounds.

This

This basis laid, on it I rest,
Dispos'd to hold all things the best.
That in the moral state is found
Much disproportion to abound :
That virtue oft abash'd appears,
While vice unbridl'd domineers,
That on the ground the former lies
Opprest, while this triumphant flies,
That Nature's various evils here
We unavoidably must bear;
Tend to inform us that there is
Another state to balance this.
Such arguments this Sage at length,
With judgment and peculiar strength
Of mind, the youth of *Athens* taught :
And with these hopes extensive fraught,
With principles of virtue fir'd,
He in tranquillity expir'd.

F A B L E

F A B L E XLIV.

The FROG and the OX.

HOW wild the fancies of some folks!—

A Frog with envy sees an Ox:

Believes with due exertion she

Might to his size extended be.

This in her mind awhile had run,

When serious thus she to her son:

My body puny tho' and lean

That of the Ox so vast I mean

To equal: and of you I ask

Assistance in this arduous task.

He opposition would have shown;

But filial duty bound him down:

And, while submissive he complies,

Reluctant this inflation tries.

The first effort, the second more

Appearances of success bore:

So

So urging, tho' her life at stake,
Her son a third effort to make ;
He, conscious of her danger, told,
She was to sure perdition bold :
That thus her point she ne'er could gain.
But all remonstrances were vain.
So he, while lab'ring as at first,
Saw his unhappy mother burst,

WHAT is enough ?—None hath it yet
Defin'd, or within limits set.

Who greater fortunes have we take
As standards, and our patterns make.

As in a race I wish to be
The foremost, and behind me see
The rest ; by overstraining, I
Drop in the course and panting lie.

So they who less of fortune share,
Who of the richer envious are,
With passions stung for pomp and shew
By strain'd efforts themselves undo.

These

These evils are, as oft we find,
To individuals not confin'd :
But, as no law their course can check,
The vitals of a state affect.

OF fortune mean *Sabinus* had
A private life till twenty led :
And, not dissatisfied with fate,
Found nothing irksome in his state.
Thus far with social pleasure he
Enjoy'd profound tranquillity :
When riches from a distance came,
To which he dream'd not to lay claim.
A friend, who on a faithless coast
In *India* with his children lost,
With labour had to wealth attain'd,
Which now by right *Sabinus* gain'd.
From peaceful hours, from placid sleep,
From what the mind in quiet can keep,
Now in the whirlwind of affairs
Involv'd, and in a thousand cares

U Himself

Himself he finds. His fancy teems
With what he grand and splendid deems.
A villa and a house in town
He means his first desire to crown.
He, now of these possess'd and more,
Feels, what he never felt before,
A passion others to outdo
In taste, in elegance and shew.
Hence no expence he spares to find
Meats of the most delicious kind,
Rich wines and equipage and dress ;
All in profusion, to express
His high refinement : and to tell
How far he others can excel.
But yet *Sabinus* had not learn'd
Oeconomy ; as who have earn'd
Estates with unremitting care ;
Or who these wasted can repair.
Confusion in affairs begun
From bad to worse is apt to run.
This with *Sabinus* was the case,
Whose debts insensibly increase.

No peace to those whom duns torment,
By creditors unfeeling sent.

Now sleepless nights or dreams in sleep

His mind in constant anguish keep.

He oft with pleasure, but regret,

Recals his humble youthful state :

But now a bankrupt, and to need

Reduc'd, on others hangs for bread.

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No peace to those whom thus torment
By constant unceasing pain
Now sleepless nights or dreams in sleep

His mind in constant anguish keep
His off with sorrow but regret
Recalls his humble youthful state

But now a bankrupt and to need
Heed them or not change for good
Of the world's state of mind

Two days of sorrow and pain
Pay their debt to the world
The world's state of mind

And now he is a bankrupt
A new state of mind
The world's state of mind

He is now a bankrupt
A new state of mind
The world's state of mind

He is now a bankrupt
A new state of mind
The world's state of mind

He is now a bankrupt
A new state of mind
The world's state of mind

F A B L E XLV.

Æsop at Play.

GOOD *Æsop*, on an idle day,
 Would needs relax his mind at play :
 Observes engag'd with bows a band
 Of boys, and mixing bears a hand.
 Two four Athenians passing ask,
 Pray Master Slave is this your task ?
 This short rebuke he, tho' a slave,
 Heard, but no verbal answer gave.
 A bow he takes, unbends, and lays
 It on the ground ; then gravely says
 Behold this bow. As ought a Man,
 Explain my symbol if you can.
 This problem they, as unforeseen,
 Despise, and from a man so mean.
 As bows, if always bent, says he,
 Will lose their elasticity ;

So minds will lose their vigour, which
 Are ever bent and on the stretch.
 But if due relaxation they
 Indulge, their pow'rs will less decay.

F A B L E

F A B L E XLVI.

The PEASANT and the STORK.

A PEASANT oft had been provok'd
 By Cranes and Geese who daily flock'd
 Or for amusement, or from need,
 Amidst his choicest corns to feed;
 And baffling every art and care,
 Made ample depredations there.
 At length a number caught; with them
 A Stork was found, who needs would claim
 Forgiveness; for of birds that none
 Than Storks more innocent were known:
 That man to name them friends had deign'd,
 And often as such had maintain'd,
 That she had never touch'd his grain
 Before, nor ever would again.
 All this avails you nought, replies
 The Peasant, for the matter lies

Not

Not here. But if you safe would sleep,
Learn better company to keep.
Meantime take the chastisement due
Alike to Geese, to Cranes and you.

FAR in a rural quiet retreat;
With Nature's garnishing replete,
Old *Macer* had been bred a child
By parents of affections mild;
Who virtuous and religious rules
Retain'd as had been taught at schools;
From rectitude who to depart,
So much its laws they had at heart,
A crime consider'd. Hence they found
Respect from neighbours all around.
The world to *Macer* yet unknown,
He made his parents will his own:
Their nod he careful to obey,
Believ'd all mankind such as they.
Macer at length, in stature grown,
For education comes to town:

Where

Where new acquaintance, scenery new,
 Presented daily to his view,
 Engross his thoughts and wean his mind
 From what he late had left behind.
 As years elapse, his parents gone,
Macer, a fortune now his own,
 Parental maxims deems a tax
 In which he somewhat may relax.
 Thus by degrees he, right or wrong,
 Contracts a passion for the *ton*.
 By good examples man is led
 Early in virtue's paths to tread;
 From which when youth begin to rove,
 To vice transitions easy prove.
Macer, too ready to comply
 With those from whom he ought to fly,
 More than enough dispos'd to please,
 Soon falls a victim to disease;
 Untaught allurements to resist,
 Retires with gout and stone oppress'd.
 In that retreat where ev'ry field,
 Where woods and rivers us'd to yield

Delights

Delights unmix'd, he close confin'd,
 Full fifteen years in anguish pin'd
 There past misconduct, much too late,
 He oft condemns with deep regret.
 His hapless fate too was to find
 Compunction more to gall his mind,
 That ev'ry good example he
 In blameless parents us'd to see;
 Whom thoughts benevolent engross'd;
 No opportunity who lost
 Or others losses to retrieve,
 The indigent or to relieve:
 In temp'rance who and health had pass'd
 Long lives; bemoan'd who breath'd their last.

F A B L E XLVII.

The MAN bit by a DOG.

[1782.]

A MASTIFF in a furly fit,
Tho' unprovok'd, a Beggar bit.

Who, when he much in vain had tried,
To others for relief applied.

The *Lady Worthy* of the place
Instructs him how to treat the case.

" A piece of bread soak'd in the wound,

" And given to this vexatious hound,

" Will be, and on it you may rest,

" A cure complete ; *probatum est.*"

Sagacious *Æsop*, who was near,

Advis'd the patient in his ear ;

" With secrecy conduct the cure :

" For Dogs, considering this a lure,

" Will, without mercy, as they can

" Proceed, devour us to a man."

OF

OF states the various periods we,
As fancy leads, divided see.
Perhaps none suit them better than
Those which denote the life of man:
Which oft in moral volumes shine,
As youth, maturity, decline.
When states are young, the natives poor,
Their lives laborious, manners pure,
Fair *Nature's* footsteps then we trace,
Vice then dares hardly shew her face.
With less reserve, as arts increase
With wealth and equipage and dress,
Provokatives of various kinds,
Which tend to vitiate human minds,
She rears her head, and swells in size,
Till states to their full vigour rise.
But states unchang'd and in their prime
Remain not for a length of time.
Unnumber'd evils never fail
In their meridian to prevail.
Vice domineers in ev'ry town;
With open force bears virtue down:

No law her rapid course retards :
Nay, like the Dog, she finds rewards.

As plants which tend by age to rot,
Are states where vice hath footing got.
A stately Oak with far and wide
Extended branches, which the pride
Is of the forest, which the wrath
Of clouds and storms long baffl'd hath ;
Tho' still his beauty he retain,
Tho' still his sturdy stock remain
And branches green ; if yet at length
Corruption seize the root, his strength
Will fail, and this fair fabric shall
To the first storm a victim fall.
Be not, *Britannia*, this thy fate :
Tho' much your sons to vice of late
Have yielded ; tho' against your head
From ev'ry quarter storms be sped ;
1. Tho' *Bourbons* unprovok'd engage
An ignominious war to wage ;

X

Tho'

Tho' other states they meanly court,
Which sneakingly their cause support.
While en'mies thus combin'd you brave,
They, forc'd from half the globe to crave
Assistance, give the world to know
The honour done you as a foe.
Your rights despair not to maintain ;
Resources ample still remain.
A Churchill may or *Blake* appear
Your drooping head again to rear ;
To bear your haughty en'mies down ;
Your arms with trophies new to crown.
Internal evils mind to check :
Your sons who lawless prove correct :
Your vitals from corruption guard ;
While vice you punish, not reward.

F A B L E

F A B L E XLVIII.

The HARE and the MAGPIE.

THE piteous screamings of a Hare,
 Caught by an Eagle, fill the air.
 The tyrant fierce, with beak and claws,
 His hapless prey to pieces draws.
 When from a tree, in language pert,
 A Magpie;—what avail your art
 And fleetness; if no pow'r you have
 Yourself from birds of prey to save?
 She from the tree had hardly flown,
 When from the clouds swift darting down
 An hungry hawk the victim found,
 And bore her headlong to the ground.
 This captive in the self same share
 Of fate involv'd as was the Hare,
 With fruitless pray'rs, with rueful cries,
 In abject terms implores and dies.

'Tis oft remark'd, and justly too,
That he who unconcern'd can view
His neighbour in distress and pain,
Will look for sympathy in vain,
When in like circumstances he,
Or worse than these, involv'd shall be.
If so, how base must be the man,
Who wantonly with insults can
Load, and with eye malignant see
The helpless sunk in misery?
These minds, when from a height they fall,
Their former state when they recal,
Of their deprav'd affections think,
To despicable meanness sink.
A *Nero*, on whose conscience lies
A load of guilt, a dastard dies.
But he, who down thro' ages fam'd,
The last Athenian worthy nam'd *,
Met fate, at his lamented end,
Less as an en'my than a friend.

F A B L E

* *Phocion*.

F A B L E XLIX.

The FROG and the MOUSE.

A FROG and Mouse liv'd neighbours in the fen,
 Whose breasts felt passions, like the sons
 of men;

With these, at times, their active minds would
 burn,

Ambition, Envy, Pride had each its turn.

While young and frolicksome and void of care,
 Their friendships were untainted and sincere.

First tacit grudgings, which their minds possess,
 In open rivalry soon stood confess.

With jealousies each haughty champion labours,
 Which grew fomented by officious neighbours.

But passions thus aggroup'd few can restrain,
 Revenge succeeding rag'd in ev'ry vein.

They now resolve, nor longer can they wait,
 In single combat to decide their fate.

They boldly meet; each his peculiar art
 Keenly employs to reach his rival's heart.

In open fight the manly Frog defies :
The subtle Mouſe her art by ambuſh tries.
While thus engag'd, a Falcon from afar
Eyes all the doublings of the doubtful war :
The combatants cloſe join'd and both on end
Each to attack attentive and defend,
Of ev'ry thing regardleſs but the fight,
Fall headleſs victims to the hungry Kite.

OFT ſmaller dangers occupy the mind,
And catch the eye, while greater lie behind.
1. *Greece*, join'd in ſacred compact, could command
Her neighbours : could the Perſian pow'r with-
ſtand.
But *Greece*, theſe ties when arts inſidious broke,
Submiſſive own'd the Macedonian yoke.
When ſtates at war with ſtates to *Rome* applied
For aid, her legions never were denied.
But ſoon theſe ſtates reluctant tribute paid
To *Rome*, whoſe frienſhip late they begg'd and
aid.

When

When thee, *Jerus'lem*, hostile legions bound
With various bulwarks and a trench around ;
Tho' common danger never more could call
For general harmony within your wall ;
Yet, your devoted state so sure was given
To dire destruction by decrees of Heaven,
That kinsmen nearest kinsmen's ruin fought ;
A fiercer war 'twixt en'mies ne'er was fought.
2. Two christian brothers, who, in later times,
Felt Turkish pride a scourge to human crimes,
By mean submission, in ill fated hour,
Fell dastard victims to a lawless pow'r.

Be wise, ye *Britons*, from examples learn
Of those, who future ages ought to warn.
Avoid dissention, let your en'mies see
A pattern, such as *Britain* ought to be.
Your liberty with dignity maintain ;
Be not your happy constitution vain.
Who can decide which merits most applause,
Your arts, your arms, your senate or your laws?

As

As you in government and arts excel,
Your worth internal let your manners tell.
Be grateful to that Providence which brings
To you a Father, and the best of Kings :
Who suits of innocence attentive hears ;
Who popular discontent with temper bears ;
On indigent distrefs who bounty pours ;
Whose chief felicity depends on yours.
Weigh well the blessings which you now enjoy ;
Forbid that civil discord these destroy.
Let not your neighbours nor your en'mies see,
(Your en'mies, who your friends pretend to be,) *Britannia's* sons their mother's vitals tear,
This *Bourbon* wishes, *Spain* would buy it dear. *
Of laws regardless, human or divine,
Let tyrants in rapacious councils join
To seize and make, by open force, their own
What industry had by long labour won.
Be British minds with generous ardour fir'd :
Lose not the name your fathers have acquir'd :
Oppose the lawless ; pride oppressive break ;
Spare the submissive, and support the weak.

F A B L E

* Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridae.

F A B L E L.

The FOX and the LIONESS.

A Fox, whom fruitfulness had render'd vain,
Her arrogance and pride could not restrain.

Some with contempt she treats, some with neglect,

Not royal characters with due respect.

"But one," thus to her Queen, as pert she sat;

"One at a birth, a poor production that."

With dignity the Lioness replies,

True, one: but know, that one a Lion is.

ALL ages and experience tell aloud,

We seldom meet with merit in the crowd.

What nation would herself and friends defend,

Will less on numbers than on worth depend.

A

A thousand men, with *Cæsar* at their head,
 Outweighs ten thousand by a *Wronghead* led.
 No theme of *Fame* so frequent or so true,
 As millions sav'd from ruin by a few.

1. When *Thebes* to slav'ry destin'd seem'd by fate,
 Alone *Epaminondas* sav'd the state.

When *Pyrrhus*, from *Oebalia's* fruitful lands,
 O'er fam'd *Aufonia* led his conquering bands,
 Tho' trophies twice through seas of blood he won,
 Alone *Fabricius* bore the victor down.

When Cimbrian torrents *Rome's* proud empire
 dar'd,

She saw, she trembl'd and destruction fear'd :
Fate then hung o'er that race of high renown,

2. Lords of the earth, the nation with the gown :
3. *Marius* alone, tho' of ignoble blood,

Was found sufficient for the impetuous flood :

Marius alone, with eagles from afar,
 Protects the city and maintains the war.

When ev'ry vice, O *Catiline*, combin'd

With ev'ry machination of thy mind

For

For *Rome's* everſion from her deepeſt root ;
When to thy aid Hell's Furies were let out ;
'Twas then, great *Tullius*, that vaſt empire own'd
Herſelf to thee alone for ſafety bound.

Thou Father of that country, which you fav'd,
By *Rome* was nam'd, by *Rome* not yet enſlav'd.

So when in *Britain*, dire *Erynnis* calls,

By furious factions led and mad cabals,

The mob conſpires to ſteer the helm alone ;

To vex the ſenate, and inſult the throne ;

To wound the vitals of a vigorous ſtate ;

Or thro' her frame convulſions to create ;

By generous ardour prompted, * * * * *

* * * * *

For Rares's ever-flowing from her breast's root;
 When to thy aid Hell's Furies were let out;
 'Twas then, great Father, that vast empire own'd
 Herd to thee alone for his command;
 Then Father of the country, which you say'd,
 By Rares was nam'd, by Rares not yet call'd;
 So when a Rares, ere Rares call'd,
 Beligious Father, his and his cap'd;
 The who's conquest to thee the helm alone;
 To set the Senate, and right the throne;
 To wound the state of a virtuous state;
 O Rares, how Rares's conquests to create;
 For generous without paragon;
 * * * * *

A
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 Athen
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